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## PRACTISING THE ANTHEM.

A SUMMER wind blows through the open porch,

And 'neath the rustling eaves;

A summer light of moonrise, calm and pale,  
Shines through a veil of leaves.

The soft gusts bring a scent of summer flowers,  
Fresh with the falling dew,

And round the doorway, glimmering white as snow,

The tender petals strew.

Clear through the silence, from a reedy pool

The curlew's whistle thrills;

A lonely mopeke sorrowfully cries  
From the far-folding hills.

A lovely night — and yet so sad and strange!

My fingers touch the key —

And down the empty church my Christmas song  
Goes ringing, glad and free.

Each sweet note knocks at dreaming memory's door,

And memory wakes in pain;

The spectral faces she had turned away  
Come crowding in again.

The air seems full of music all around —

I know not what I hear,

The multitudinous echoes of the past,  
Or those few voices near.

Ah me! the dim aisle vaguely widens out,

I see me stand therein;

A glory of grey sculpture takes the light  
A winter morn brings in.

No more I smell the fragrant jessamine flowers

That flake a moonlit floor;

The rustling night-breeze and the open porch  
I hear and see no more.

Great solemn windows, with a long, long nave

Their shadowed rainbows fling;

Dark purbeck shafts, with hoary capitals,  
In carven archways spring.

And overhead the throbbing organ-waves

Roll in one mighty sea,

Bearing the song the herald angels sang,  
Of Christ's nativity.

Dear hands touch mine beneath the open book,

Sweet eyes look in my face, —

They smile — they melt in darkness; I am  
snatched

From my familiar place.

The summer night-wind blows upon my tears,

Its flowery scent is pain —

O cold white day! O noble minster — when  
May I come back again?

To hear the angels' anthem shake the air,

Where never discord jars, —

The Christmas carols in the windy street,  
Under the frosty stars.

The dreamlike falling, from the still, grey  
skies,

With falling flakes of snow,

Of mellow chimes from old cathedral bells,  
Solemn, and sweet, and slow.

To hear loved footsteps beating time with  
mine

Along the churchyard lane;

Round the old blazing hearth to see

Loved faces once again.

When may I come? O Lord, when may I go?  
Nay, I must wait Thy will.

Give patience, Lord, and in Thine own best  
way

My hopes and prayers fulfil.

AUSTRALIA, 1872.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Sunday Magazine.

## OUT OF THE DEEP.

"ALAS! sad eyes that know too much,

Turn, turn, oh turn! look not this way;

Be wise — be wise; my sin was such

I cannot bear your glance to-day.

"I've pierced thine heart in such a wise,

My own is deadened by thy pain:

All softening sorrow hopeless dies,

And through despair I sin again.

"Strange that thy life God did not keep

Secure from such a thing as I!"

Too late to sever; she would weep

(Therefore he lives) if he should die.

Spectator.

## NEW ROME.\*

LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS STORY'S ALBUM.

THE armless Vatican Cupid

Hangs down his beautiful head;

For the priests have got him in prison,

And Psyche long has been dead.

But see, his shaven oppressors

Begin to quake and disband;

And *The Times*, that bright Apollo,

Proclaims salvation at hand.

"And what," cries Cupid, "will save us?"

Says Apollo: "*Modernize Rome!*"

What inns! Your streets, too, how narrow!

Too much of palace and dome!

"O learn of London, whose paupers

Are not pushed out by the swells!

Wide streets with fine double trottoirs,

And then — the London hotels!"

The armless Vatican Cupid

Hangs down his head as before.

Through centuries past it has hung so,

And will through centuries more.

Cornhill Magazine.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

\* See *The Times* of April 15th.

From Temple Bar.  
DE RETZ AND THE FRONDE.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

THE great religious wave of the Reformation, which had swept over central and western Europe during the sixteenth century, had loosened the very foundations of mediævalism, and scarcely had the waters of that mighty flood begun to subside ere another and yet more resistless wave, that of political freedom, carried away feudalism into the ocean of eternity. From end to end of the civilized world men's minds were convulsed with the throes of a new birth of thought. The Netherlands had thrown off the yoke of Spain; England was girding up her loins for her great struggle against tyranny; and France, turbulent but *purposeless*, as usual, having under the iron rule of Richelieu recruited her strength from the exhausting wars of the League, was preparing to make a last struggle against that absolutism which, victorious at last, for nearly a hundred and fifty years afterwards encrusted, but did not extinguish, her volcanic fires.

Richelieu broke down the stupendous edifices of the feudal system; but after his death the ruins still cumbered the ground. He shattered the power of the great nobles; but even the fragments were mighty. What he wrested from them he gave to the King, and relentlessly crushed all liberty. He worked for his own age, with little or no thought of the future, leaving posterity to do the same. He died, and his weak, worthless master soon followed him. Anne of Austria, whom the Cardinal had laboured to destroy throughout his life, and, failing in that, had degraded in the eyes of the nation, was appointed regent over an infant king, but was entirely swayed by the counsels of the infamous Mazarin.

This new minister was in every respect the opposite of his great predecessor: an Italian of mean extraction and doubtful life, rising into power by base arts, — treacherous, unprincipled, cowardly, — imbued with every typical vice of his nation.

De Retz in his "Memoirs," gives the following striking picture of the condition

of France just previous to the breaking out of the war of the "Fronde":

The greatest degree of illusion in a minister is to mistake a state of lethargy in a kingdom for a state of rest and even of health. The lethargy I mean, and into which France had fallen, is always preceded by ill and dangerous symptoms. The overthrowing of the ancient laws, the destroying those boundaries which were placed between the king and the people, and the establishing arbitrary and absolute power, were the original symptoms of the convulsive fits that our fathers have seen France labour under, and which preceded the lethargy I speak of. Cardinal Richelieu, like an empiric, made use of violent medicines, which, by the struggle they occasioned, made her appear outwardly strong and vigorous, but in the main helped to exhaust her. Cardinal Mazarin, a very unskilful physician, knowing nothing of her weakness nor of the chemical secrets by which his great predecessor had endeavoured to support her, weakened her yet more by evacuations, and was the cause of the lethargy into which she fell at last, which his ignorance made him mistake for a state of rest and even of health. The provinces, exposed as a prey to superintendents, after the severe struggles they had made in Richelieu's time, which had served only to increase and exasperate their evils, sank at last under their loads, and remained in a state of drowsiness. Parliaments, which were just before groaning under the yoke, were in a manner grown insensible to their present miseries by the too quick sense they still preserved of those they had lately felt. The great men, the most of whom had been banished the kingdom, spent their time idly in their beds, which they had been overjoyed to come to again. Had that general drowsiness been well managed, it might perhaps have lasted longer; but the minister, mistaking it for a gentle sleep, took no care about it. The disease grew worse; the head awakened; Paris felt its pains, and groaned aloud; these groans were not regarded, and they turned the disease into a frenzy. . . .

The first sign of life proceeded from the Parliament. They murmured at the edicts which established a tariff, and no sooner had they done that than everybody began to awake. At their awakening they groped about in the dark to find out the laws; but no laws were to be found. People began to be scared and to cry aloud for them; and in this agitation the questions that arose from the explaining of them, from the obscure which they were be-

fore, and made venerable by their being so, became doubtful, and from thence hateful, to half the people.

Nothing was fixed, nothing was settled. The rights neither of individuals nor of bodies were ascertained. In the streets of the capital, and indeed throughout the country, nobles, princes, ecclesiastics, people of all functions, were daily disputing, frequently with blows, about real or imaginary privileges. The same scenes were enacted throughout the provinces. To complete the political picture, war raging on every frontier, and an empty treasury.

Socially, the condition of the country was even worse. Society was corrupt to the core; and most corrupt of all was the party of "the Fronde," which was so largely composed of immoral and intriguing women. At the head of these was Madame de Chevreuse, of whom De Retz says, "She loved without choice, and purely because she was necessitated to love. . . She knew no other duty but that of pleasing her lover. . . It was not difficult even to put upon her any lover one designed:" an elasticity of heart of which the Coadjutor availed himself, as he relates how he and her daughter sometimes had conferences together to provide the lady with a new lover, and how the merits of different candidates for the honourable post were chatted over between them. This same daughter was, all but openly, his mistress; and yet in spite of this well-known fact a treaty of marriage was at one time pending between the young lady and De Conti, a prince of the blood.

The naïve manner, as of one relating the most natural and ordinary circumstances, in which De Retz details anecdotes of his own and others' profligacy is something marvellous to the readers of the present day. In one place he tells, in his ingenuous way, how Madame de Guimené (an old love), who had left Paris out of fright on the first day of the siege, came back full of anger on hearing of his visits to the Hôtel de Chevreuse; how he seized her by the throat for abandoning him so basely, and how she threw a candlestick at his head for his infidelity to

her! At another time this same lady, in a fit of jealousy, proposed to revenge herself by shutting him up in a vault in her garden. Various other anecdotes he relates of a description too *recherché* to be repeated here.

The morals of the Court were very little better. There was not a ruffian who dwelt amongst the foul alleys of Paris whose lips had not uttered filthy jests against, and told vile stories of, the Queen herself, who was known by the contemptuous epithet of "Mistress Anne."

There can be little doubt, I think, as to the relations which subsisted between Queen and minister. This opinion is not founded upon the scandals of the time, but simply from deductions drawn from its events. The hatred felt by all classes for Mazarin was, at least ostensibly, the cause of the war of the Fronde. Had the Queen frankly and honestly dismissed him from office and from the kingdom, the factions must have quickly dissolved, since, their great grievance removed, all classes would have fallen away from them. Had she been bound to this man only by the mere ties of his position, would she have endured through a series of years the vile opprobrium of the mob, the hourly danger of losing her crown? would she have desolated France with blood and devastation, when his removal would have averted all these evils? While Mazarin lived in Eastern magnificence, the young King was kept in a state of positive poverty. The sheets upon his bed, we are told, were often so worn that his feet passed through them; he grew out of his clothes, and his carriages were old and battered. Nor was this the worst. "As the King grew up," says La Porte, in his "Memoirs" (and his statements upon this point are generally confirmed by all the writers of the age), "spies were placed about his person; not indeed out of fear that he should be amused with evil things, but out of fear that he should be inspired with good sentiments; for in those days the greatest crime of which a man could render himself culpable was to make the King understand that in justice he was no further the master than inasmuch as he



rendered himself worthy of being so. Good books were seen with as much suspicion in his cabinet as good people, and the beautiful 'Royal Catechism' of Monsieur Godeau was no sooner there than it disappeared without any one knowing what had become of it." This same La Porte brings yet darker accusations against the minister of attempts to corrupt the boy's mind. He would have had the King grow up weak and vicious, and delegate all power into his hands. And the mother permitted all this. The deduction is obvious.

Such was the position of Court, nobles, and people when "the war of the Fronde" broke out.\*

The most picturesque, and on the whole the most authentic, history of this singular rebellion is to be found in the memoirs of its extraordinary leader, De Retz, of whom it is now time to give some account.

Jean François Paul de Gondi was born at Montmirail, in Brie, in the year 1614. He was descended from an ancient and distinguished family of Florence. His grandfather, Albert de Gondi, was the first Duke de Retz. His uncle being archbishop of Paris, the boy was from his cradle destined to be the successor to this family dignity. But young De

Gondi wished for a military life, and abhorred the idea of a priest's gown. While yet in earliest youth, a chance of escape from his predestined profession presented itself.

A marriage was arranged between his elder brother and Mademoiselle de Mercœur, which marriage was to be celebrated in Brittany. The lady had a sister worth eighty thousand livres a year; the thought occurred to the younger brother of a double match. Aware, no doubt, of the young gentleman's inflammable temperament, his father did not at first intend taking him to the wedding. But about this time François Paul pretended to conceive a sudden liking for his profession, and to be deeply touched by what had been said to him upon the subject. So François Paul was taken into Brittany and introduced to the ladies. He describes the sister as being very beautiful, but as having some defects of shape; "but," he adds, "scarcely observable, and, besides, much lessened by the view of her eighty thousand livres a year, by the hopes of the Duchy of Beaupreau, and by a thousand chimeras which I formed on these foundations, which were real. . . . I played my game in the beginning mighty well. All the journey long I had appeared a devout churchman and so I continued to do in public during the wedding; but with the lady I acted another part; I sighed, and she perceived it." Nor was she insensible to his sighs, as very few ladies, seemingly, ever were, although he was known as one of the ugliest men in France. For a time all went well; he bribed her maid-servant, and was admitted to secret interviews; he arranged a plot to carry her off into Holland, and was on the eve of putting it in force when a slight indiscretion betrayed the lovers, and all Gondi's air-built castles toppled to the ground.

Foiled in his matrimonial projects, the young gentleman indulged in the most unpriestly pursuits—licentious galantries, duels, and all the vices of a soldier—hoping by that means to excite such scandal as to render his admission into the Church impossible. But the

\* The origin of this curious nickname cannot be better described than in the words of De Retz:

"When the Parliament began to assemble about public affairs, the Duc d'Orleans and Prince Condé pretty often came thither, and seldom failed to calm people's minds. But the calm did not last long, and in two days' time they grew as hot as before. One day Bachamont, councillor of the grand chamber, happened jestingly to compare the Parliament to school-boys who used to sling stones in the ditches around Paris, run away the moment they spied any town officers coming towards them, and return to the spot as soon as those officers disappeared. The comparison was used in lampoons, and so the party was nicknamed 'the Fronde' (the sling), and the party were 'Frondeurs' (slingers). These words were revived, and chiefly applied, after the peace was made between the King and the Parliament, to the private faction of those who came to no accommodation with the Court. We took care to keep them in vogue, for we had observed that party names are of some help for inflaming people, and we resolved all of us to wear hat-bands made in some sort like a sling. . . . You cannot imagine the effect this trifle had. Everything was made à la mode de la Fronde; bread, hats, gloves, handkerchiefs, fans, trimmings; and our party became even more in fashion by means of this trifle than by anything else of greater moment."

great position of his uncle sufficed to condone all such offences, and as many more as he chose to commit. Finding all his efforts to cast off the Nessus-like shirt of the priesthood unavailing, Gondi applied himself to his studies; won great fame at the Sorbonne, where he disputed the first place with a *protégé* of Richelieu, and won it. Imbued with the republican spirit of ancient Rome, he wrote, at eighteen, "A Vindication of the Conspiracy of John Lewis de Fiesque," upon reading which the great Cardinal remarked, "*This is a dangerous genius.*" He journeyed to Rome, where he appeared with great éclat; returned to Paris, preached his first sermon before the Court, and created a sensation; was Richelieu's successful rival in an affair of gallantry, and thereby made a powerful enemy.

With these lighter intrigues his restless spirit mingled others of a darker and more dangerous character — even to joining in a plot concocted by Orleans and De Soissons, for the assassination of Richelieu. The manner in which he writes of this event, in his "Memoirs," throws a wonderful light upon the moral code of the age.

"I felt something within me," he says, "that might be taken for fear, though I took it *only for a scruple.*" I am not positive which of the two it was, but it is certain that my imagination brought into my mind *an unpleasant view* of the assassination of a priest and of a cardinal. La Rochepot laughed at me for it, saying, 'When you are in the army you will beat up no enemy's quarters for fear of killing people in their sleep.' This *shamed me out* of my reflection. I embraced the crime, which appeared to me *consecrated* by great examples, and made *justifiable* and *honourable* by the danger." (The italics are my own.)

Soon after the death of Louis the Thirteenth he was appointed by the Queen to the office of Coadjutor to his uncle, a weak old man incapacitated by age. These functions were begun, to use his own words, "with a firm resolution to scrupulously fulfil all my outward duties, and to be as good a man as I was able for the salvation of others, and to be wicked only to please myself." And so he still made love, fought duels, sought popularity, and preached assiduously.

Archbishop of Paris in all but name, De Retz now employed the whole force of his powerful mind to raise this great office out of the mire into which it had

fallen under his uncle's administration. He set to work examining all the priests of the diocese, retaining only those who were fitted for their high duties, removing the incapables to religious houses, and appointing others in their places. The éclat attending these vigorous measures aroused the jealousy of Mazarin, who prevailed upon the imbecile uncle to put a stop to them.

De Retz was piqued. And these legitimate efforts to obtain popularity being balked, he resorted to others of a more subtle and dangerous nature. Having received from De Soissons twelve thousand crowns, he took them to his aunt, De Maignelai, and told her that it was a bequest left to him by a dying friend, to be distributed personally among the poor who were not beggars; but being himself unacquainted with such people, he solicited her help. "You may imagine," he says, "what effect this produced upon the minds of persons who are the fittest of all others to make use of it in popular commotions; for the rich are drawn into them but unwillingly, and the known beggars do on that occasion more harm than good for the fear they create in people lest they should be pillaged by them. The fittest persons then in such cases are those whose condition is bad enough to desire a change in the administration, but not so low as to be reduced to beg in public. It was to that sort of people I took care to make myself known, and I spent three or four months to that purpose with all the application possible." There is a marvellous subtlety of thought in this passage.

Of course Dame Maignelai sang her nephew's praises wherever she distributed the money, and won for him boundless popularity.

Having thus secured a large body of adherents, his next object was to perform some daring act that should fill men's minds with awe and wonderment, and render him the most talked-of man in Paris. Such an act was accomplished in his refusal of the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame to the Bishop of Warmia for the celebration of the marriage of Marie de Gonzaga with the King of Poland. In this he stood upon his extreme prerogative, which could be put aside only by cardinals of royal blood. Mazarin wrote to the archbishop, who sent back a peremptory order for the use of the cathedral. Resolved to carry his point, De Retz worked upon the chapter to refuse to give up the choir. Mazarin next ar-

ranged that the marriage should be celebrated in the chapel of the palace. De Retz at once notified to Marie de Gonzaga that as no other bishop had any power within the diocese he should, under such circumstances, declare her marriage to be null and void. At last the Court was compelled to yield, and the Polish bishop had to solicit the written permission of De Retz to officiate in the Palais Royal. Neither Queen nor minister ever forgave this mortification.

Emboldened by this victory, De Retz contested with Orleans a point of precedence in the cathedral. The Duke threatened that he would have the coadjutor carried off and compelled to submission. De Retz assembled a number of gentlemen, kept them armed in his house, and prepared to oppose force by force. After a time the affair was compromised; but De Retz maintained his pre-eminence within the walls of the cathedral, although he promised to yield precedence to the Duke elsewhere. These anecdotes fully display the bold, determined spirit of the man.

In the meanwhile, "In the city," he says, "my care was to keep fair with all my friends, and to omit nothing that I thought necessary to win, or rather preserve, the love of the people. From the 28th of March to the 25th of April (1643) I spent thirty-six thousand crowns in charities and liberalities."

In the meantime the political crisis was fast approaching. Obsolete statutes were dug out of the dust of centuries to impose new, heavy, and oppressive burdens upon the people. The Parliament refused to verify the edicts, the mob rose in riot. Paris was like a mined city; the dropping of a single match set her in a blaze. That match was the arrest of Broussel, a man immensely popular among the masses, the mouthpiece of the democratic party in Parliament, and a man of strict integrity, whom the refusal of a company of guards for his son had converted into a patriot. At the news, smouldering fire leaps into scorching flames. From house to house, from workshop to workshop, goes the cry, "Broussel, the father of the people, has been arrested." Crowds of furious men and women pour into the streets, shouting "Liberty for Broussel!" An immense number of them surround the coadjutor's house, calling upon him to demand the councillor's release. He hastens to the Palais Royal. He advises the immediate release of Broussel. The

Regent replies that she would rather strangle the prisoner with her own hands; but presently the Chancellor Seguier and the lieutenant of the guards, white with terror, appear upon the scene to confirm his account of the danger. Fear seizes upon all; the Queen entreats him to go out among the people and tell them that all they ask shall be granted if they quietly disperse. He obeys with some reluctance, for he knows that she is only temporizing, cajoling. When he gets into the streets the rioting has commenced; he himself is badly hurt by a stone, and saves his life only by his astonishing presence of mind. A man being about to brain him with a musket, he cries out, "Unhappy wretch, if thy father saw thee!" The man suspends the blow, thinking the speaker to be some friend of his family, recognizes him, and cries out "The Coadjutor!" A thousand voices take up the cry, "Long live the Coadjutor!" Gondi addresses the people, and succeeds in making them lay down their arms. He returns to the palace, and again urges the necessity of releasing the councillor. This time, believing the danger to be past, the Queen answers him with sarcasm.

That same night, tidings were brought him to his house that Mazarin, believing, or pretending to believe, him to have been the instigator of the riots, had determined upon having him arrested and sent away to a prison in a remote part of Brittany. "Your only chance of safety lies in immediate flight," said the messenger. But such timid counsel suited not the bold spirit of De Retz. He requested to be left alone for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time he had resolved upon a plan which should enable him to defy the power of the Court. Well acquainted with the feelings of every grade of society and with the influential men of all parties, he at once proceeded to warn some of the leading citizens that Mazarin was about to deal a blow that should strike dismay into the hearts of every friend of liberty. All that night he spent in passing from one part of Paris to another, rousing up the people, and arranging plans for resistance. By dawn the next morning all was prepared; four hundred of the most respectable citizens and large bodies of the inferior people were ready to take up arms at a moment's notice, while materials for barricades were collected from all directions. De Retz, disguised as a mason, was the ubiquitous spirit over all.

By-and-by a body of Swiss was attacked. The drums beat to arms, the tocsin was sounded, and then from every quarter poured in the people, burghers, artisans, and vagabonds, and with them, disguised in rough dresses, many of the higher classes, who acted as officers. Every one, without exception, took up arms; children of five and six years old were seen with poniards in their hands given them by their mothers. Strange old weapons, that had been rusting in holes and corners since the days of the English invasions and the wars of the League, were dragged out of their hiding-places. Carriages were overturned, bales of merchandise, barrels, heaps of earth and sand, logs of wood, anything that came to hand, were thrown across the streets, and in less than two hours two hundred barricades guarded the thoroughfares of Paris. The Maréchal de Meilleraie and the Duchesse de Sully were pursued by the furious mob, who would have massacred them had they not taken shelter in an hotel. The Parisians were having a dress rehearsal for the great drama which was to be enacted by their descendants some century and a half later. Terrified at this new outbreak, which came just as they imagined the storm had subsided, the Regent and the minister sent once more for De Retz, and once more endeavoured to cajole him by fair words and specious promises; but the subtle churchman knew that their smiles were far more dangerous than their frowns, and when he returned home redoubled his precautions against surprise.

Broussel was released; but every day, every hour, the position of the Court became more critical. Reports were spread abroad that another massacre like that of St. Bartholomew was meditated. The Parliament daily grew more exorbitant in their demands. At last the royal family escaped out of Paris, and went to Ruel. Great was the consternation of the Parisians. The Regent ordered the attendance of De Retz; he dared not obey the summons, neither did he wish to come to an open rupture with the Court. By a crafty plan he contrived to evade the order and yet keep up appearances. He directed his coach to be got ready, took leave of his friends, and showed a wonderful firmness in rejecting all their entreaties against the journey. Proceeding towards the barrier he was met by a wood merchant, previously instructed in the part he was required to

play, who stopped the carriage, beat the postilion, and raised cries that the people's friend was about to be delivered into the hands of the enemy. A large crowd quickly gathered upon the spot, smashed the coach, and carried its occupant back to his house in triumph. After which he wrote a letter to the Queen, expressing his deep regret at being thus forcibly withheld from obeying her summons.

Negotiations were opened with Spain, very reluctantly upon the coadjutor's part, who, with a feeling of patriotism seemingly unknown to the factions, dreaded to admit a foreign army into France. These negotiations were suddenly interrupted by the appearance upon the scene of a new actor — the great Condé — fresh from victorious battle-fields. To detail all the events and intrigues of the Fronde by no means comes within the scope of this article. They present a strange phantasmagoria of shifting scenes and characters, in which the parties are so constantly changing sides that it is difficult at times to determine which is which. Now there is an Orleans party, a Condé party, a Parliamentary party; now Orleans reconciles himself with the Court; then suddenly joins De Retz's faction; then Condé arrays himself upon the side of the Regent, but a week afterwards is in open rebellion.

Had there been any cohesion in the parties the Fronde might have followed in the steps of the English Commons; Mazarin and Anne of Austria might have been brought to the block, and the young king deposed and held as prisoner. But the Fronde was not made up of one great party, or even of several compact parties actuated by certain fixed objects; but of individual fragments, with no object beyond self-aggrandisement. Condé, Beaufort, Orleans, De Retz, each struggled only for himself. All human masses are composed of selfish atoms, but there must be some point of contact, or they crumble into dust. The genius of one man sometimes suffices for the adhesive principle; as in the case of Cromwell, whose great will bound together all those discordant elements which composed the Parliamentary party into one irresistible whole. But in the Fronde there was no great man leader. Beaufort was a roistering bully, who had won popularity by kissing fishwomen and bandying jests with them in their own *patois*; Condé was a great soldier, and nothing more; Orleans, one of the weakest, most vacil-

lating, and most contemptible of mankind. De Retz was infinitely the greatest man of the party—bold, courageous, crafty, far-seeing; but too essentially a conspirator, too much tainted with the vices of the age, too much of a debauchee, for men to yield wholly to him the mastery of their minds. Had he cast aside his vices and intrigues, constituted himself solely the leader of the people, and held aloof from nobles and Court, he might have become a second Cromwell, and the Grand Monarque might never have reigned over France. But he had too great a dread of mob violence—it was his *bête noir*, that palsied him in every great crisis; and he would rather have been first minister of France under the monarch than dictator over a rebel nation. The people soon understood this, and little by little he lost that popularity which he had acquired at so much cost and labour, and which at the commencement of the rebellion would have carried him to the topmost pinnacle of power. Yet, with all this, he was the least vacillating, the most enlightened, and the man of best judgment of the party of opposition, and was throughout consistent in one thing—hostility to Mazarin.

The Court return to Paris, but very soon are obliged to quit it with even less dignity than before. The Prince de Conti and the Duke de Longueville secretly return to the capital; upon which there is a mountain of intrigue as to whether the Prince or the Duc d'Elbeuf shall be generalissimo of the rebel army. De Retz espouses the side of the former, and works with his usual energy with libels and secret agents against the rival candidates, throws handfuls of money from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, causes the beautiful Duchesses de Longueville and de Bouillon to appear to the crowd, holding their children in their arms, as a theatrical *coup d'œil*. He carries his man, and the civil war begins, not with fear and trembling, but amidst ridicule and laughter and a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville, where the troops are drawn up in a square, and where the steel cuirasses of the soldiers mingle with the silken robes of the ladies, swords with fans, and trumpets with violins.

There was a burlesque siege of the Bastille, which was still held for the King, in which the cannon of both parties were only charged with powder, and each gave notice to the other before they fired.

The troops, composed chiefly of citizens, who went out to battle in shoes and

silk stockings, preferred anything rather than fighting; they were the jest and ridicule of the city; a mere handful of the royalists was sufficient to disperse a whole troop of them; and when they returned, crestfallen and defeated, they were hailed with shouts of derisive laughter by those who had sent them forth. After each expedition new nicknames were found for each division; and the ridiculed seemed to enjoy the laugh against themselves as much as any one, and this civil war was regarded as a capital joke. Charenton had been taken; the post was of inestimable value, as it enabled constant supplies to be brought into Paris. Condé attacked and took it with three thousand men, while a body of ten thousand, which had been sent to relieve it, looked on and deliberated, without striking a blow. The reason assigned for this inertness is the point of the joke. "Having held a council of war to determine whether or not we should give battle," said the Prince de Conti, "it was unanimously resolved not to do so—not to hazard the lives of so many burghers of Paris (whose courage we cannot sufficiently praise), for fear of making their wives and children cry if some of them should have been lost."

But this mockery and laughter were as ghastly as the grinning of a death's head. The realities of that siege of Paris were as terrible as those which we ourselves have so recently witnessed. Ravenous hunger appeasing itself upon leaves and grass; upon nameless horrors; upon dogs, upon cats, rats, and putrid offal. And the surrounding country fares no better. Their homes destroyed, the persecuted peasantry take shelter in the woods and caves, and dig the earth with their nails, like beasts, in search of roots. Wolves take possession of the villages and carry off women and children. But there are human wolves abroad yet more savage; a brutal soldiery who maim and slaughter in cold blood the wretched unarmed fugitives, suffocate them, and burn them alive in the subterraneous holes in which they have taken shelter. Neither age or sex can evoke pity from them. Their enormities make jests for their commanders. "My army," said the Duke of Lorraine, "is the providence of old women. One day my soldiers found in a convent two old nuns, whom, being good for nothing else, they made broth of."

Negotiations were opened with Spain, and Spanish troops entered France to



assist the rebels. News came that Turénne, upon whose assistance the factions depended, had been forsaken by his troops. Hunger argued with the people; fear attacked the nobles; the Court offered proposals for peace, a general scramble for terms, *saufve qui peut* followed, and a general amnesty was granted.

The only person not named in this amnesty was De Retz, and that by his own choice. He knew that the very boldness of such a course would intimidate the cowardly minister, and be the surest means of retaining the confidence of the people, who would thus regard him as independent of the cabals. Yet, notwithstanding these calculations, he did not neglect to keep up an indirect communication with the Queen by means of certain persons attached to her service.

Hearing that Condé was about to wait upon the royal family, who were then at Compiègne, to solicit their return to Paris, De Retz determined to be beforehand with him and be himself the conductor of this important negotiation. Accordingly he proceeded to Compiègne and obtained an interview with the Queen; positively refusing, however, to any way hold communication with Mazarin. As the whole Court was in a state of the most abject poverty, crown jewels in pawn, their very clothes falling into raggedness, and as no other chance of replenishing their funds presented itself, they were fain to consent once more to avail themselves of this opportunity to re-enter the capital.

Fickle Paris went mad with delight, and those who had grinned satyr-like over lampoons the day before, and yelled "Death to Mazarin!" now rent the air with shouts of welcome, with blessings, and "Long live Mazarin!" The grimy mob struggled to get near his carriage, to touch his hand, and fawn upon him. The people of the markets, the Duc de Beaufort's fishwomen, who had hitherto polluted the Queen's name with the vilest abuse, wept, laughed, shouted, almost dragged the young king out of his carriage to testify their love and loyalty.

Faction, laid asleep for one night, woke again fresh and vigorous next morning. There was a Parliamentary party, a De Retz party, and a Condé party, and each party plotted and schemed unceasingly to discredit the others and to evoke popular feeling against all except itself. A sham attempt at assassination was got up: Joly, a gentleman of De Retz's party, was fired at by an assassin whom he himself

employed; the bullet penetrated the carriage, and Joly, inflicting a wound upon himself, cried out that he was shot. All Paris was in an uproar, and might have been deluged with blood. The Condé party retorted with a similar farce.

The Parisians began to scent out the truth and laugh at it as a capital joke, giving to the first story the title of "La Joliade," and to the second "La Joliade renforcée." There was a trial, as great a farce as the accusations, in which the most desperate swindlers and pickpockets were subpoenaed as witnesses against De Retz and De Beaufort. But the farce might at any moment have lapsed into a tragedy. Neither of the leaders, each pretending fear of assassination, ever stirring abroad unless in the company of four or five hundred gentlemen, thus holding the city in hourly peril of an *émeute*. Condé's arrogance and insolence becoming at last totally unbearable, the Court proceeded to the bold measure of arresting him. New combinations: De Retz and Orleans coalesce once more; De Retz coquets with Mazarin, and is promised a cardinal's hat. Wily Mazarin strongly supports De Retz's nomination in public, and privately urges every member of the council to vote against it and to beseech the Queen to refuse the dignity. It was refused; upon which De Retz turned his energies upon a general union of parties for the purpose of effecting the release of Condé and the overthrow of the minister. More denunciations, plottings, riotings, and the gates of Condé's prison were thrown open without a single condition being imposed upon him. The mob lit bonfires to celebrate his release, as they had lit bonfires to rejoice over his arrest.

By-and-by there was a split in the party of the Fronde; the Duc de Beaufort and Madame de Montbazon, together with La Rochefoucauld—who always hated De Retz—and the Duchesse de Longueville, attached themselves to the Prince, creating the faction of "the new Fronde." Condé, now for a short time *en rapport* with the Court, endeavoured to win over to his party the vacillating Orleans. De Retz, scenting danger in the wind, retired from the cabals, shut himself up in the archbishop's house, fortified it, laid in a store of arms and provisions, turned one of the cathedral towers into a powder magazine, and gathered about him a large number of exiled English cavaliers as a bodyguard. Condé seized the opportunity to renew his old demands, which being granted he proceeded to make others



yet more exorbitant, equivalent indeed to nullifying the power of the King in the provinces of Guienne and Provence. Another turning of the tables: Mazarin, perceiving the danger of the situation, consulted the Queen to make overtures to De Retz, believing the coadjutor to be less dangerous than the Prince. "Make him a cardinal, give him my place, put him in my apartments, rather than yield to the Prince the conditions he demands," he said.

And so the Queen sent for De Retz, and offered him the post of minister, which he declined, knowing that it would have proved only the shadow of power, as he did also all proposals to countenance the open return of Mazarin. "But, Madame," he said, "I will oblige the Prince de Condé to quit Paris before eight days are over; and I will carry off from him the Duc d'Orléans before to-morrow night." The next day the printing presses of Paris began to shower forth a torrent of tracts and pamphlets; and criers and hawkers were bawling in every street denunciations of the Prince's ambition, and selling at the lowest possible prices squibs and pasquinades to render Condé hateful and contemptible in the people's eyes. It has been said that the Queen went so far as to propose the assassination of the Prince, but that De Retz firmly opposed the deed.

Each party had a hired mob, which was always kept ready to hoot and insult or cheer and applaud any persons who might be pointed out to it. The Prince de Conti's mob hissed the Duchesse de Chevreuse and her daughter, and drove them through the streets. De Retz's mob retaliated upon De Conti, and forced him to pass before those ladies, showing every sign of the deepest humiliation. One day the two great parties met at the Palais de Justice, filling every part of the building with their armed retainers, and the closets with arms and ammunition. High words arose, and had not the President Violé and some others thrown themselves between the factions the hall would have been deluged with blood. At length the two leaders were prevailed upon to dismiss their armed attendants. As De Retz returned to the chamber in which the Parliament was sitting La Rochefoucauld caught him between the valves of the folding doors, and, fixing them together with an iron hook, called upon his followers to slay the Coadjutor. Another moment and a terrible scene would have ensued, when the Marquis de Crenan,

captain of Condé's guards shouted, "What are we about? We shall have both the prince and the coadjutor killed! Shame upon him who does not put his sword into the scabbard!" A cry of "Vive le roi!" burst from the crowd, and every sword was sheathed; Champlatreux rushed forward, rescued De Retz, and overwhelmed La Rochefoucauld with scorn.

Soon afterwards Condé broke out into open revolt, and raised the standard of rebellion in Guienne. This left De Retz once more master of the situation. He now began to play a new part—that of lover of the Queen. The idea was suggested by the Duchesse de Chevreuse. But it did not prove a successful one. Anne of Austria divined the motives and outwitted the plotters; feigned to encourage the coadjutor's sighs and languishings, until she persuaded him to suffer her to take the young king out of the capital to Fontainebleau.

In the meanwhile the civil war raged fiercely, and Condé, assisted by Spain, was daily gaining ground. The condition of the country was terrible; arts, sciences, and commerce were brought to a standstill; the peasantry, burned out of their homes, became mere bands of freebooters, robbing and murdering indiscriminately the helpless, whether friend or foe. At last the tide of war rolled up even to the gates of Paris, entered the suburbs, and in the streets of the Faubourg St. Antoine a bloody battle was fought between the forces of Turenne and Condé. The fortune of the day was against the latter. Within the walls raged a terrible excitement; soldiers, officers, noblemen, wounded and dying, crawled up to the gates and implored to be admitted. Popular feeling began to turn in favor of the Prince; fierce crowds poured into the palace of the Luxembourg, shouting his name, and demanding his admission; wives, sisters, and mothers knelt weeping at the feet of Orléans, entreating him to stop the carnage; his daughter joined in their prayers, until she wrung from him the order to open the gates.

No sooner was Condé safe within the city than he proceeded to excite tumults, hoping thereby to make himself master of Paris. On the 4th of July, 1652, there was to be a general assembly held at the Hôtel de Ville. Large numbers of soldiers, variously disguised, were scattered among the populace; each one, as a cognizance, carried a bundle of straw, a portion of which he offered to every one he met. A few words from Condé roused

the already excited people to fury. "The hall is full of Mazarins, who are seeking nothing but to retard matters." Having spoken thus, he went away. But the words spread like wildfire among the mob. A rush is made at the door of the Hôtel de Ville; the archers of the Prévot fire from the windows; several persons are wounded; the people return the fire, mingling showers of stones with the bullets; a huge pile of wood is raised against the door; it is ignited, and the flames burst into the hall; horrible consternation seizes upon those within; some attempt to escape by the lower windows, but they are indiscriminately butchered. At last the companies of the Burgher Guard put an end to the dreadful work, and disperse the mob.

There was a grim satire mingled with this ghastly event. The commotion was directed against Mazarin, but in their mad indiscriminate fury, the mob slaughtered far more of his bitterest enemies than they did of his friends!

*Vive la bagatelle!* The irrepressible Parisians turned the symbol of sedition into a toy—a fashion; it became the rage to wear bunches of straw in the hat, on the breast, upon the horses' heads; hats, caps, jewelry, everything was à la paille. By-and-by the partisans of the Court adopted a piece of paper, and wherever the two symbols met a quarrel ensued. Fever and famine devastated the city; England had destroyed the navy; the Archduke had taken Gravelines and Dunkirk; Barcelona, Catalonia, and Casal were lost; the colours of Lorraine were common in the streets, and the banners of Spain floated over the Pont Neuf; Spaniards, Germans, and Lorraine pillaged and murdered the starving populace. "Better Mazarin, anything, than this," was the thought that began to occur to people's minds.

During this period De Retz's popularity began to decline. While opposing Condé, he favored the Court *without favouring Mazarin*. In Condé's party he beheld his old *bête noir*, mob rule; in Mazarin's return to power, the destruction of his ambitious hopes. He now resolved to make an effort to restore peace and bring the King back to Paris. Attended by a large body of ecclesiastics, of his own retainers, and the guard of the Duc d'Orléans—who was growing weary of faction and Condé—he set forward for Compiègne, where the King then was. He was most graciously received. The Queen would gladly have consented to

any conditions, but the wily Mazarin, made aware by his spies of the state of parties, counselled fair promises and delays. Once more his favorite motto, "I and time," prevailed; day by day the rebels grew more disheartened; universal distrust and consternation seized upon them; Condé quitted the capital and took refuge in the Spanish camp, and then Paris opened her gates to the King and Mazarin, welcomed them with frantic enthusiasm, and the wars of the Fronde, although carried on for some time afterwards in the south, were at an end for Paris.

Sentence of banishment was pronounced against all the principal leaders of the fallen party except De Retz. Fully appreciating the great abilities of the coadjutor, Anne of Austria was still eager to attach him to the Court—to Mazarin; but to this last condition no inducements could prevail upon him to submit. Finding him thus obdurate she resolved to be rid of him; offered him the post of ambassador to Rome, a handsome pension, and a sum of money towards the payment of his debts. He refused all these offers, fortified his house, and filled it with ammunition and soldiers. On the 19th of December, 1652, he was induced, on a promise of safe conduct, to enter the Louvre. As he left the Queen's chamber he was arrested by Villequier, led to a carriage filled with soldiers, and under a large escort conducted to Vincennes. Foolish people entertained fears of a popular rising; but the event passed away without even a murmur, except from the clergy. The mob had grown tired of its idol, and cared not how soon it was broken down or broken up.

At Vincennes he was imprisoned fifteen months. A secret communication was speedily opened with some of his friends outside, and several plans of escape were arranged and failed. Mazarin offered him liberty on the condition that he would renounce the coadjutorship of Paris. His uncle died, and the archbishopric was taken possession of in his name. The church began to rouse itself in his behalf, and the nuncio to threaten censures. Seven abbays were offered him as an equivalent to the archbishopric; he feigned to consent to the barter, and was then removed from Vincennes to Nantes, whence by-and-by he contrived to escape in the very sight of his guards. He took refuge in Spain, and thence passed into Rome. There, spite of the machinations of the French cardi-

nals, he maintained his position with the utmost dignity, decided the election of Pope Alexander the Seventh, and, in defiance of the efforts of the Cour, maintained his grand vicars in the administration of the diocese of Paris.

After the death of Mazarin he returned to France, and from that time his life was calm and uneventful. In the *salons* of Madame de Sévigné, with whom he had contracted a deep friendship, and who was never weary in her letters of writing his praises, he was surrounded by all that was brilliant and intellectual in French society; and all the noblest and most distinguished paid him the greatest deference, listening with avidity to his utterances and applauding them to the echo. The last portion of his life was passed at St. Mihiel, in Lorraine. He had previously sold all that he possessed to pay the debts contracted in his earlier years, which amounted to 1,100,000 crowns (£230,000). He reduced his expenses to a bare sufficiency for common necessities, and yet contrived to allow small pensions to several old friends who had fallen into difficulties. He died at Paris in the year 1679, at the age of sixty-five.

Writing of his death to Bussy-Rabutin, Madame de Sévigné says:—

You know how well he deserved to be loved, and how worthy he was of the esteem of all who knew him. I had been his friend for thirty years together, during which time he never failed to give me tender marks of his friendship, which was equally honourable and delightful to me. No one in the world was of so easy a conversation as he. A continual fever has taken from me, in eight days, that illustrious friend. I am touched at it to the bottom of my heart.

*"More great qualities are required to form a good party chief than to make an emperor of the universe."* In that aphorism of De Retz lies the secret of his conduct—of his life. To be the leader of a great party was the great object of his ambition, and to that object his ambition was limited. In that aphorism, again, lies the secret of his failures—of his fall. He was essentially a man of faction. He was, in his nature, more Italian than French. He loved intrigue for intrigue's sake. The mere sense of treading its tortuous paths was a delight to his subtle intellect. Note the relish with which he recounts the stories of his attempted marriage with Mademoiselle de Mercœur, his secret alms-giving, and the other wily means he employed to win

popularity. He loved to overreach the cunning, to make puppets of the great, and be your only wire-puller; he loved to bridle the neck of the mass, and turn it hither and thither, according to his will. His maxims are a dictionary of the art of faction. That art he knew from its alpha to its omega. He had studied man upon a chess-board, and had played white against black, or white against red, until he could vanquish his opponent in every position possible upon the board. But his very refining subtlety prevented him from achieving great things. He was too well versed in the game of *chances*; he had studied, and he understood too well, the minds of others to have that sublime confidence in his own powers by which alone men rise to the sovereignty of their race. He lacked the genius for combination. He studied all things in detail; his calculations were founded upon the probable acts of the units of a party, rather than upon the combined action, the impetus which might be given to a people. He never drew the sword without holding fast the scabbard, never advanced without first securing a retreat. Throughout all the conspiracies of the Fronde he never wholly broke with the Queen, not even when, by his own request, his name was omitted from the general amnesty. He did not aspire to be a Cromwell; he had too great a dread of anarchy—of the mob. To exile Mazarin, to succeed him as Governor of the King and dictator over the Queen, was, perhaps, the ultimate object of all his plots. He had an insatiable appetite for applause and popularity, for being in men's mouths. He possessed the daring courage of a brave soldier. He was a cynic, a sceptic, and a sensualist. Never was man more unfit to be a priest; and as in his youth he plunged into every immoral excess, in the hope of escaping from the hated profession, one might imagine that he pursued the same course in his maturity to testify his disgust against it. He was a man of great intellectual power and attainment, with a heart opposed to crime, accessible to the noblest sentiments. In an age of assassination he refused to countenance the murder of his foe. In his ideas of government he was far in advance of his age, and with less innate turbulence of disposition might have made a just and far-seeing statesman. "He was out of place in a monarchy," says a French writer, "and scarcely possessed the qualities necessary for a republic."

The strangest part of his history is that of his latter years : calm, peaceful, reverent ; a serene sunset after a day of tempest.

As a writer his fame rests upon the "Memoirs," a most striking and brilliant work. His narrative is full of *verve*, of originality, of dazzling wit. It has sometimes the fire of the drama or the romance, more frequently the piquancy of comedy. It embraces every variety of style, and passes from grave to gay and from gay to grave with wonderful facility. "He had a mixture of the genius of Molière and Bossuet." No one ever used ridicule to better advantage against his enemies ; no one has ever explained complicated affairs more clearly ; no writer has more eloquence and impetuosity. His portraits are as vivid as those of St. Simon, and more impartial ; a few strokes of his pen make the dead live again.

From Good Words.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

#### "I'LL MANAGE IT."

IF there was one thing more than another that Sir Stephen wished to avoid, it was the interference, the hindrance, and the thousand and one small oppositions, which his mother would be certain to inflict upon him if she were within reach of Pamphillon, or near any one whom her words or wishes could at all influence.

"It would be one constant scene," Sir Stephen said, as he recalled to himself what she had said about leaving Combe. "I expect that at the bottom of the wish to leave here is the wish to be where she can send for Holmes, get hold of Bradstock, and try to talk them over into offering me every kind of opposition. I must put a stop to this by taking matters at once into my own hands. When the place is irretrievably gone, she will come round." These reflections arose out of the sudden decision he had taken to go to town at once.

"She would not leave here," he thought, "during my absence, and this matter about Despard will put her off the right scent. She will suppose I have gone to make these inquiries. As much as is possible I desire to spare her, poor

soul ! but part with the place I must, and that it should be made harder by her continual entreaties, threats, and arguments, is more than just at present I can stand."

So almost immediately after leaving his mother, Sir Stephen was on his way to Sharrows, with the intention of asking Captain Carthew to lend an eye to various matters of business while he was absent.

"Perhaps," he thought, "it will be as well not to say anything to Katherine about Despard until I return. I shall certainly mention the matter to Holmes, who, in spite of his silence, is very probably in entire possession of the whole thing, and he may be able to give me the details, so that everything is plain and clear to the young fellow. I hate anything to seem doubtful. Of course I know that everything must be right, still I want to see it all straight before me ; besides which it will only appear right that directly I *was* made acquainted with the circumstance, I looked into the whole affair for myself."

Just at this point he came suddenly upon Joe.

"Good morning," said Sir Stephen, "I wanted to speak to you ; what are you about ?"

"Nothin' in partickler, sir. I was only just pokin' about."

"Then come on to Sharrows with me. I am going to London for a few days, and the Captain will look after things while I am absent ; so you must go to him for orders."

Joe touched his hat in acquiescence, and, dropping a little behind, he followed for some distance in silence, then by a step bringing himself nearer, he said,—

"I was at Winkle last evenin', sir ; I took'd Miss Hero some of her things."

"Oh ! and how was she ?"

"Not like herself by a brave bit ; I can't make it out, sir, for 'tain't like Miss Hero to be wished and moody-hearted, and as for up there"—and Joe gave the jerk by which he usually inferred, without mentioning, Betsey—" 'tis look out for squalls, and no mistake. I reckon her can't help it tho'. Why, if anythink was to go amiss with Miss Hero, sir, mark my words, but Betsey 'ed niver git up steam again," and Joe, shaking his head over such a melancholy sequel, relapsed again into silence.

Close by Sharrows gate they met the Captain, who willingly assented to Sir Stephen's request, and he added, —

"I shall make it my business to drop in upon the ladies each day to see that all is going on square up there."

"Yes, do," said Sir Stephen; "my poor mother takes this parting with Pamphillon dreadfully to heart."

"Poor soul! well, I'll try and cheer her up a bit, and I'll send Hero to see her; she's a capital hand when anything goes wrong with people."

"I have a note of invitation from my mother to Miss Carthew, which I intended taking to Winkle this afternoon. I wonder if I have time to go there before I start for Dockmouth?"

The Captain shook his head.

"Not if you are to catch the five-o'clock train."

"Well, then, will you deliver a message from me to her, and say that I had this note to deliver when this summons to town came, and that I was very disappointed at not finding her with you on Sunday."

"I'll tell her," laughed the Captain. "Bless her heart, I'd sooner have my grog stopped than that she should be from home, and that she knows, the young monkey. What do you say to me seeing you as far as Dockmouth? I've nothing to do."

"Just the thing I wanted. Will you meet me at the Hard?"

"All right; two o'clock, remember. It won't do to start later."

After they had parted Sir Stephen returned to the house, to tell Katherine, if possible, of his sudden journey. He found her writing letters, and to his inquiry about his mother, she said—

"Have you been talking to aunt? she was very well this morning, but when I went to her, she did not even open the door, but said she felt a very bad headache coming on, and she wished to be left quite quiet."

"I expected as much," Sir Stephen said; "she got very much excited in a conversation we had, and ended by declaring she would return to London at once."

"Oh! that would be a pity; but perhaps she did not mean it?"

"I don't know; I never saw her so put out, and in consequence I am going to London myself."

Katherine's face changed.

"Only for a few days; and before I go I want to say something to you, which you must not take amiss because

I do not fully explain it. I intend doing so on my return."

Mrs. Labouchere looked at him inquiringly, and in rather an awkward manner, Sir Stephen blurted out—

"I don't want you to get too intimate with Mr. Despard."

Katherine felt her face crimson, but she did not look away. "Surely," she thought, "Stephen can never think me capable of such a thing."

"I see you do not understand me, and it would be impossible that you should," he continued; "mother may say something which will enlighten you, but"—and there he stopped, then after a moment's pause he added, "perhaps it would have been wiser, as I don't want to say all, to have said nothing; but situated together as we are, I cannot bear to incur a risk, and I think you know me well enough to trust me?"

"Perfectly; shall I refuse to see Mr. Despard?"

"Oh, no; I don't want you to alter your manner to him, but—well, I fancied this morning that his was perhaps rather more familiar to you, and until you know what I want to tell you, I cannot have you subjected to that—it is about myself, not reflecting in any way upon him."

"I will do exactly as you wish."

"Thanks," said Sir Stephen, giving her hand a little shake; "I can always rely on your good sense. I wish all women were like you, Katherine. Now," he went on, "I am going to leave you to take care of yourself and mother. I shall be back on Saturday at the latest. She does not know I am going, so you must tell her and manage to pacify her as you only know how. Say I wanted to look into something about which I hope she will speak to you; she will understand."

"I'll manage it," Katherine said cheerfully; and by the time he had given Fenton his orders, he found luncheon on the table. When it was time for him to start, he said—

"Perhaps I had better say 'good-by;' if she asks I'll say I am going to Dockmouth," and he ran upstairs, and knocking quietly at the door, said, "Mother," no answer, "Mother," he repeated, "good-by," but he received no reply, so after waiting a minute longer he stole softly down, saying he supposed she was asleep.



## CHAPTER XXXL

## PRESENTIMENTS AND CERTAINTIES.

It was late in the evening before Mrs. Prescott's maid came to say that her mistress felt better, and would be glad to see Mrs. Labouchere. "Say I will be with her in a few minutes," Katherine said closing the book which lay open before her, though she had been so engrossed in her own reflections that scarce a page of it had she turned. On going upstairs, she found Mrs. Prescott sitting by the fire, which the autumnal evenings began to make necessary.

"Oh! I am glad to see that you are able to get up, aunt, and you have been having some tea? that is right, you will soon feel better."

"I had no idea that you were dining alone, Katey. Why, where is Stephen?"

"Oh, I don't mind being alone, now and then," Mrs. Labouchere said, wishing for the present to avoid answering the last question. "Davis said she thought you wanted to be left quiet, so I did not bother you about dinner."

"How odd Stephen is!" Mrs. Prescott said in a vexed tone. "I suppose he is stopping at these Joslyns, a horrid wild rocky place, worse than this. I do hope he will not stay late and come back in a boat; I expect if he remains here, he will be brought home drowned some of these days."

"Nonsense," Katherine said with a laugh, "the boatmen all know the coast, and Stephen is not like a reckless boy, aunt."

"Oh! my dear, I shall never rest until I am away from here. I have taken a dislike to the house, and the people, and the country. I feel it does not agree with me, my spirits are wretched. I could sit and cry from morning until night."

"But why? you seemed so well at first?"

"Yes, but I think the air must be too strong, it over-excites my nervous system, and then I suffer from the reaction. I have told Stephen that I cannot remain, and I think he is vexed with me about it. Did he say anything to you?"

"I don't fancy he thought you meant it," Katherine said, wondering how she should tell her aunt that Stephen had gone to London. She is certain to declare that she has a presentiment, because she did not say good-by to him, she thought.

"I do mean it," said Mrs. Prescott, firmly. "I believe, if I were to remain, I

should have a serious illness. You have no idea how shaken my nerves feel; for instance, of course I know that Stephen is most likely safe and perfectly secure from danger, yet every sound runs through me with a sort of dread that something has happened."

"Oh! dear," thought Katherine, "this makes my communication a pleasing prospect. I had better get it over without more delay."

So rising at this last speech, Mrs. Labouchere took hold of her aunt's hand, saying with a little laugh, —

"What a silly old auntie it is! Well, make your mind perfectly easy, for your son is no more likely to get into a boat to-night than we are; he is on *terra firma*, and will remain there, for many days to come."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Prescott, sharply.

"What, not satisfied!" exclaimed her niece, "well, I will tell you why. This afternoon he came up to your room."

"Yes, I know he did, and I did not answer him."

"You heard him then?"

"I heard him call me, and then say good-by."

"Yes, he was going to Dockmouth."

"To Dockmouth! How was I to know he was going to Dockmouth? I fancied he was going to take my note to Miss Carthew. What did he want at Dockmouth?"

"He said I was to tell you — he thought you were asleep — that he has left by the evening express for London."

"London!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott. "London," then letting her head fall forward on her arms which were leaned upon the table, she groaned out, "Katherine — Katherine — Katherine."

"My dear aunt, listen; he told me to tell you that he had only gone to see Holmes, regarding something which he wished you to speak to me about."

But Mrs. Prescott seemed only the more distressed; standing suddenly up, she clasped her hands together, —

"What is to be done? how shall I act? Oh! Katherine, we are ruined, ruined."

"Is it about Pamphillon, aunt?" asked Mrs. Labouchere, frightened at her excitement.

Mrs. Prescott did not seem to hear her.

"Aunt, do speak. Tell me, what are you so troubled about?"

"Oh Katey, you'll know too soon, every one will know. My God, they may



put me in prison, in prison — prison," and she sank back choked by convulsive sobs.

Katherine turned towards the door, but Mrs. Prescott caught her by the arm.

"No, no, let nobody see me," she cried, "not for the world. Katherine, my child, bear with me. Help me, my poor brain is gone. I seem mad;" and she sank down helpless, but not senseless, at Mrs. Labouchere's feet.

"My dear, dear aunt," was all Katherine could say, her tears falling fast from sympathy, to see the agony betrayed in Mrs. Prescott's ashen face and quivering limbs; and, unable to console her by words, she gave her the mute caresses which were more soothing.

"Katey," Mrs. Prescott said in a whisper, "help me to rise! Yes, that will do. I'll sit down here, and come you near me. I must tell you everything. Oh! if I had but told Stephen! had but told him the truth! Let me see — wait."

Mrs. Labouchere sat down, putting her arm around her aunt; but, with no trace of her usual gentleness, Mrs. Prescott pushed her away, and sat silently rocking herself so and fro.

"You're sure he is gone, Katherine. Something may have kept him at Dockmouth," and she started up as if to follow him.

"He is not at Dockmouth, aunt. Fenton has returned. He went with him to the station."

"Then we are lost, Katherine," and she dropped her voice to a whisper; "Stephen is not the owner of Pamphillon."

Mrs. Labouchere felt her heart bound with relief.

"My dear aunt, if it is only the sale of Pamphillon, do not so distress yourself. If Stephen is bent upon selling it, it is of no use offering further opposition."

"But he cannot sell it; he must not sell it. It is not his."

"Not his?"

"No. Stephen was robbed and defrauded by his uncle. Bernard Prescott left a son, the offspring of a low, vile woman whom he had made his wife."

Katherine uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"And Stephen?" she said.

"Never heard of him. Until we came here he knew no more of his existence than you do, Katherine. Here he by chance discovered it, and I told him he was his uncle's natural son and he believed me."

"Who — who is it, aunt?"

"The young man they call Despard."

"Despard!" echoed Mrs. Labouchere, and unable to ask more, she sat gazing into her aunt's face with her eyes filled with horror and astonishment.

"Oh, Katherine! do you wonder now at my hating this place? A sword seemed to pierce my heart every time I looked upon that unfortunate Despard; if I had known he was here I would never have come. But I was to be punished; my sin was to find me out."

"Then how long have you known it, aunt? How came you to discover it?"

"Oh, Katey! don't ask me; only help me; tell me what is to be done. Stephen will go to Holmes, put him on the right track, and we shall be beggared and disgraced. Oh! this is a cruel world, glad and quick to condemn, and what will they not say? But no one can breathe a word against Stephen. If it had not been for his just inheritance, we never could have kept the one they had tried to defraud him of. Where would Pamphillon be now, if I had not striven and starved myself to keep it; and this young man, instead of being happy and contented, would be hampered and tied down by a title which would only be a burden to him."

"How much of this does he know?" Katherine asked, vainly endeavouring to gain some idea of the matter.

"Nothing. He fancies he is Mr. Despard's adopted son. His aunt believes him to be Sir Bernard's natural son, but even that much she would never have told him without our consent; but from the moment Stephen had a suspicion of the thing, he did nothing but upbraid me for my silence, insist on telling the young man himself, and declare that as his uncle evidently intended for him the fortune he lost, we ought to do all in our power for him."

"And why did not Stephen tell him?"

"He is waiting until he has sold Pamphillon, so that he may give him some money he is in want of, and offer him an annual sum. I did not oppose that, but I wanted no one to know. Even when Stephen said he would have you told, I refused to tell you. Oh! how short-sighted I was! Why did I not tell the truth then? We might have escaped."

Mrs. Labouchere did not answer; she was trying to think over and realize their position. Suddenly she was startled by her aunt's returning excitement. She walked about the room uttering disconnected sentences, upbraided herself for

the denial she had given her son, called upon her niece to help her, until Katherine felt, if anything was to be done, she must at once assume the control she had always possessed over her aunt; so rising up, she took hold of Mrs. Prescott, saying—

"Aunt, sit down. No, it is of no use pushing me away. For Stephen's sake you must listen to reason. If there is any way of shielding him from what he would feel far more than the loss of the estate or the title, it must be done, and whatever is done must be done at once. Now try and quiet yourself, and endeavour to tell me the whole story. Don't say you cannot"—for Mrs. Prescott had exclaimed it would kill her—"for a long time you seem to have kept it secret, but now you have begun to speak you must keep nothing back. I have been thinking that if I started to-morrow I might in some way put a stop to the search, or perhaps prevent it altogether. Something may detain Stephen. Holmes may be out of town, a dozen things may prove obstacles to his making this communication."

Mrs. Prescott threw her arms round her niece's neck.

"Oh, Katey, if we could but stop him. I should feel safe if that man did not know; he has a way of asking questions and ferreting into things, which I feel would make me betray myself without knowing it."

"Very well. Now you see how important it is, that you tell me all as nearly as you can; then we may protect you from this. Have no fear, aunt; with Stephen at your side it shall go hard if any ill come near you," and Mrs. Labouchere laid her hand caressingly on the poor distracted head, and after a minute's pause she felt that tears were raining from the hot, dry eyes, and she was certain that now she should hear all her aunt had to tell.

It was some time before Mrs. Prescott was sufficiently composed and collected to commence. After her tears had ceased she sat silent, turning the eye of memory inward upon the past. Katherine, by her side, neither spoke nor stirred, and at length, to her great relief, Mrs. Prescott began—

"Bernard Prescott, as you know, died very suddenly. He was taken ill while I was with your father in Scotland, and before I had time to get to Pamphillon he was gone. Those about him said what a pity it was he would not let me

be summoned before, but he put it off until he could no longer forbid it, and he had been two days dead when I reached him. Every one knew that Stephen was his successor, and therefore I, as his natural guardian, at once took possession of everything. The keys were delivered up to me, and all the people looked to me for orders and directions. Mr. Holmes came down the same evening, and together we looked over the few papers left. There was no will, and until old John told us that after his first fit or faint, Sir Bernard had made him destroy 'a sight of parchments,' Mr. Holmes seemed much surprised at the absence of letters and papers. In the drawer of his private secretaire we found a packet directed to me, which I opened. It contained some letters I had written to him years before, a likeness given then, and a sealed letter, on which was put, 'Read this when alone.'"

"Had he not made you an offer before Stephen's father did?" Mrs. Labouchere asked.

"Yes, and I fancied it was about those days he had written; so I put the letter in my pocket, and we continued our search. During it Mr. Holmes asked me if I had ever heard mention made of any discreditable connection which Sir Bernard had formed. I told him no, and he said, 'There was something of the sort some years ago: but the woman is dead, and so, I suppose, is the child. There was a child, at least so I think.' I did not ask any questions—it was not a time to do so; and not seeing the cause for Holmes's anxiety about the papers, I pleaded the fatigue I had undergone, and went to my room. Bernard Prescott was a very odd man, not one to inspire any personal regard, and, beyond a natural feeling of regret, I felt nothing at his death which could be called sorrow. On the contrary my love for my boy made me happy to know that he was owner of the patrimony I had often sighed to see him the undoubted heir to; for Bernard was a man in his prime, who might live to be old, and then perhaps marry. Doubt was at an end now. I had had during my married life many more troubles than the world knew of; but the mother of Sir Stephen Prescott could afford, in this unexpected fulfilment of her hopes, to forget past disappointments. All at once I thought of my letter, and, taking it out, I sat down before the fire to read it. So sure did I feel as to its contents that, first of all, I took out the

likeness, and examined that. I even looked at myself in the glass to see was I much altered; then I looked over the girlish effusions, written when I was not more than sixteen or seventeen. I thought of Bernard more tenderly, because of his love for me, and remembering that he was now lying in his distant chamber still and cold, and that I had forever lost this faithful, enduring love, I shed the first real tears of sorrow for him. A shiver, too, ran through me at the thought of being in the house of death, a vague fear at being alone, and with it the desire to get into bed as quickly as possible; so hastily opening the letter, I read it through — and through — and through — until I had no need to look at the words, so stamped were they on my heart and brain. Whether I sat for only a few minutes or an hour I cannot tell; but, all of a sudden, a flame seemed to fill the room — my hand was empty, and I knew I had destroyed it."

"Destroyed what, aunt?"

"The — the — his certificate of marriage. The woman was called Matilda Williams, and they were married at Hatfield. I have never forgotten that. Often when I am ill I get no rest, because I keep repeating those names over and over again."

"Was there no word of explanation, then?" said Katherine, fearing she was wandering away from the subject.

"Oh, yes. He wrote to tell me that, in a moment of madness, to which my marriage drove him, he had allowed this woman to cajole him into a marriage, that he had a son, whom, for Stephen's sake, he would fain disown. But though he had made away with every other trace of his guilty folly, he said he could not destroy this, and by a crime cut himself off from me forever. Therefore, he had enclosed it to me — enclosed it to me, a weak, helpless woman, who had not strength to resist such a temptation."

And her sobs broke forth again, and her remorse and accusations made it impossible for Mrs. Labouchere to bring her back to anything like a settled detail. She managed to draw from her, how she knew who the child was with, Mr. Despard's offer, and that he had finally taken entire charge of him; but Mrs. Prescott would only just answer the question put to her, and then return at once to her fears, her self-reproaches, and her agony of dread lest Stephen should suffer for her guilt. Her excitement became so painful, that Mrs. Labouchere wisely

forbore to ask more, fearing an attack of illness might come on, and she be prevented following Stephen, which the next morning she was determined upon doing. This she told to Mrs. Prescott, who at once promised she would be quiet; do anything, take anything, if Katherine would but say she would go to London, and start as early as possible.

"I will give you my word, aunt, to have no delay."

And this assurance seeming to calm Mrs. Prescott more than entreaties or remonstrances, she became at once busy about how Mrs. Labouchere had best act? where she would go? what she would do? until, everything settled, she took the composing draught her niece gave her, and Katherine, sitting quietly down, tried to realize all her aunt had just told her. But the excitement and amazement had been too much; she could not think — she could only keep repeating "Stephen, Stephen."

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### "IF I COULD SAY YES."

In her anxiety to begin her journey, Mrs. Labouchere was ready to start a good hour before it was time to leave the house; but, having been assured that as the tide would not suit until a certain hour, she would only be kept waiting on the Hard, she sat down until the time for departure should arrive. It was a lovely morning, but its fresh beauties were all lost upon Katherine, whose one anxiety was that the water should be sufficiently calm to enable her to go to Dockmouth by water, and thereby save the train, which on the previous day had taken off Sir Stephen. She had ascertained from his man that he intended going on at once to Pamphillon.

"You are certain of that, Fenton?" she asked.

"Oh yes, ma'am, for I heard master say to Captain Carthew, 'I shall just have time to see about that matter, and then catch the train to Pamphillon;' and so he would, ma'am, easily catch the four-o'clock express."

"In that case," thought Katherine, "I ought to be prepared to follow him there at once, and if I do not find him in Albe-marle Street, that is what I'll do."

She was busily intent upon her plans when the door opened, and Leo Despard entered. Strive as she might, Katherine could not meet him in her usual way, and he, noticing her agitation, said —

"I fear I startled you."

"No, not at all," she said, freeing her hand, which in his solicitude he was still holding, and then, unable to think of anything to say, she sat down. Leo could not but perceive that she was not quite her usual self, and he wondered what was the cause of her nervous manner.

"My apology for paying such an early visit must be this," he said, laying the skeins of silk before her.

"Oh, thank you! I had forgotten all about the silk; I am going to London."

It was Leo who grew confused now.

"To London!" he exclaimed with a blank look.

"Yes, Sir Stephen went yesterday — about some business."

Leo turned hastily away from the table and walked towards the window.

Should he make the offer now? Her visible agitation might be at parting with him, and this gave him fresh hope. It was no use hesitating; if he did, the chance might be lost. Going back to her with a face pale and troubled, he stammered out —

"This — is so unexpected — I — I never thought about your going away;" and he sat down, half averting his face. "I know you will not listen to me," he began, in a hopeless voice. "I have no right to expect you should; but I cannot hide my love any longer. From the first moment I saw you, I have thought of nothing else night and day. I have striven against what you will call folly, but it has been useless, and now that you tell me that you are going from me, and I may, perhaps, never see you again — Oh! I feel I shall go mad."

At Leo's first word of love, a haughty rebuke had risen to Katherine's lips, for her conscience told her that she had given him no encouragement to indulge in this presumptuous avowal; but she had hastily checked it. No, she must not offend him, nor be too hard in her refusal, for what influence might not his love give her? So she said somewhat confusedly —

"Oh! pray hush, Mr. Despard, you must not say things of this kind to me."

The tone the words were said in filled Leo with triumph. He was certain that if such a woman as she was had no feeling towards him, she would have made him see at once, that she considered he had taken a liberty in addressing her. He felt success all but certain, and thought he could afford to be more demonstrative, but as Katherine drew away

her hand, he was forced to trust to his eloquent speeches, which, strive as he would, sounded to him forced and tame. For his life he could not remember the protestations and devotions which he had intended pouring forth, and he felt certain Mrs. Labouchere would think him awkward and stupid — an anxiety he might have spared himself, for though his words fell upon Katherine's ears, she hardly heard them, so intent was she on her own motives and interests. When he paused, she knew he was waiting his answer, and as well as she could she endeavoured to tone down her refusal so that his self-love should not be deeply wounded.

"I am so very sorry, Mr. Despard, I had not the slightest idea of such a thing. Love and I parted company long ago. In my present position I assume the privilege of being able to enjoy the friendship of your sex, without the possibility of anything else ever entering my mind. It would distress me beyond measure, if I thought I was the unintentional means of giving you pain, or that an end was to be put to our pleasant — intercourse. I really feel quite too old and out of date to inspire any one with a fresh love; besides which, I thought, or dreamed, or was told, that you were very much attached to Miss Carthew."

"Who *could* have told you that?"

"I cannot remember" (Katherine felt it would be too absurd to give an old boatman as her authority); "I only know that in some way I was under that — delusion?"

"Yes, certainly a delusion. I admit that I went to Sharrows much more frequently before you came to Combe, and that I liked to talk to Miss Carthew; but she and I have known each other since we were children, and she perfectly understood the footing that existed between us. Sharrows is not the only house I have ceased to frequent, nor Miss Carthew's the only society I have given up, since you have been here. I have had but one thought — when I could see you; where, and how I could see you. A spell seemed to bind me to this place. Night as well as day found me unable to tear myself away."

"Why, you might have been taken up for a poacher!" said Katherine, trying to make light of what he was saying.

"Ah, you are laughing at me," he exclaimed bitterly. "Well, I suppose that is all I deserve for boring you with my folly. I shall have time to eat my heart

out when you are gone," and he gave a little nervous movement as if to try and dismiss the subject for the present, saying, "Are you going to drive?"

"No."

"What, going by boat! may I go with you?"

Mrs. Labouchere hesitated.

"On one condition," she said, "that we are to be friends."

"If I could say yes," and he caught both her hands, and held them with a grasp which only escaped being painful, "how willingly I would; but do what we can, we cannot school our hearts, or if so, do you think I would have set mine upon the moon, for you are quite as far out of my reach;" (his penitent humility made Katherine, in spite of her secret knowledge, feel very kindly towards him) "if you will forget what I have said and let me be your slave, your servant, anything that will not banish me from your presence, and your mind?"

"That is not quite in obedience to my conditions."

"Yes it is. I promise you all the obedience you ask, only let me go with you now."

"Very well, and let me go also;" for he seemed to forget that he was still clasping her hands. He paused an instant, then tried to raise them to his lips, but Katherine resolutely drew them away, saying, as if she had not noticed his movement—

"I think it is time I got ready to start."

She did not return to the room until her maid stood there waiting to accompany her on her journey. Leo could but see that his companion was too preoccupied to care for much conversation. She walked along so engaged with her busy thoughts, that each remark she made was an effort, and the people they passed on the way were quite unnoticed. What attention she could command she bestowed upon picking her steps along the steep street, down which they had to go to the Hard below.

"Don't speak to me," she said in answer to some remark Leo made, "I dare not breathe. What an atmosphere to live in!" and as the thought swept over her that in future this was Stephen's sole inheritance, her heart sent out a fresh cry for the sorrow he would have to bear. She shrank from the rough, weather-beaten looking men, the dark-eyed, bold-faced women, who ran to the doors at the news of "the gentry's" advent, proclaimed

in several cases from one top window to the other. Arrived on the beach, her situation was but little mended. Here she had to undergo the stolid criticism of the numerous urchins, who emerged from various mounds of sea-weed, heaped together for manure. The idlers grouped about, nettled by her want of notice, continued to lounge unconcernedly by, and the only civility vouchsafed was by Mother Tapson, the keeper of a small inn known as "Jack Ashore," who, true to her motto, that "all was fish that comed to her net," came out to say—

"If you likes to bring the lady in 'ere, Maister Despard, the parler bar's to yer service, sir."

"Why could not the boat have been ready!" Katherine asked impatiently, taking no heed of this polite offer.

"I cannot think," said Leo.

"Aw can't 'ee, sir?" snorted Mother Tapson. "I should ha' thought *you* might ha' know'd; why her bottom 'ed be stove in if her'd bin rin down afore you hove in sight. Wouldn't her, Jim?" she shouted as old Jim stopped to raise his cap to the gentlefolks. Jim being far too wise to offer any opposition to a lady so notably clever with her hands and her tongue as Mother Tapson, though ignorant of the case in point, nodded assent.

"Why where be you goin to, hey?" she added.

"To Winkle, to fetch Miss Hero back," said Jim, one eye still directed towards Mrs. Labouchere and Leo.

"Aw! her's comin home then. Bless her dear heart! She's a real lady, she is, and has often sot in my parler, and to serve her or the Cap'en I'd go down on my bended knees by night or by day, that I would."

"Come, come," laughed one of the men lounging near, surveying her short, fat figure, "you're rather broad in the beam, missis, for that sort o' game."

"Niver you mind that. What I says I sticks to, and so will many more here who knows where to go mumpin' on a banyan day. There ain't nobody about here, gentle or simple, as is fit to tread in the same shoe leather as Miss Hero, and I don't care a brass farden who hears me say so, neither;" and she gave a defiant look towards Mrs. Labouchere, which made Leo say—

"Take no notice of her. These people are really not civilized. Come, Wallis," he called out, "lend Joe a hand with this boat; it's high time we were off now;" and he gave his arm to Mrs. Labouchere,



trying to assist her over the rough, slippery stones with an assiduity which increased Mrs. Tapson's ire. "He's as false-faced as two is that young Despard," she said, "and before he and Miss Hero walks to church together, I hopes the say'll swaller 'un."

"Sir Stephen, he's the right mate for Miss Hero," said one of the bystanders.

"Ah, now you've got the stocking on the right leg," said Mother Tapson; "he is a likely gentleman. You should have seed un yesterday a haulin' an hoistin' Mrs. Collins into the boat, as if her'd bin the port admiral's lady, and to me 'twas 'How de do, *Mrs. Tapson*, and good day to 'ee, *Mrs. Tapson*!' Don't 'ee tell me! there's more good done by gentlefolks with a kind word or haction, than if they was to stand jawing about 'ee all day, and I for one says, God bless Sir Stephen, and prosper the day he comed to Mallett."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### AT PAMPHILLON.

LEO accompanied Mrs. Labouchere to the station, and remained chatting with her until it was time for the train to start; then, after a somewhat confused and hurried good-by, he walked moodily away, while she, sinking back in the carriage, gave a sigh of thankfulness that she was again alone, and free to indulge the thoughts which filled and troubled her. Step by step she went over the marvellous revelations of the last few hours, and so at variance did these seem with all she had been brought up to believe and to put faith in, that she was tempted to question whether she could be the same Katherine, who, up to that time, could have staked her existence, that not an event had even taken place in her aunt's life, with which she and Stephen were not thoroughly conversant; and here, suddenly, was brought to light a — a crime of which this timid, trustful woman was the secret perpetrator.

"It will cut Stephen to the heart," she thought, as she wiped away the blinding tears. "If I could but save him from knowing the worst! Nothing will be so hard for him to bear as the knowledge of what his mother has done." Then, after another reverie, she said to herself, "The feeling that Stephen loves her less, thinks less of her, will kill her. Oh! what can I do? how can I spare them? Poor aunt! poor Stephen! How strangely our lives run! Longings granted when they have lost their value; wishes answered all too late." Her memory went

straying back to the old days, when she had been Stephen's world; to the time when a word from her could influence and guide him beyond all else. What a different promise her life had given then! Surrounded by love, she would have laughed to scorn the supposition that a time would come when she would yearn after, and weary for, the faintest sign of that devotion which she then held so lightly. "Yes," she sighed, "out of my headstrong vanity sprang my misery: I took my fate into my own hands; I shaped my own destiny; and to punish me all my desires have been granted, and I am mocked by the very things I have thirsted after. I have cried out, 'If I were but rich, I should be happy;' I have said, 'So that I were Lady Prescott, I should have no care for aught else that might happen.' Rich I am, Lady Prescott I might be, but what now?" and she hid her face, because of the newly shaped desire which filled her heart, the desire to be Stephen Prescott's wife. "I may well feel humbled," she said after a time, "as daily I see, that little as I know of others, myself I know least of all." This taking her back to her recent mistake, made her sigh afresh for her aunt's sorrows. "I never knew until now how dear she is to me. I must try and in some way keep her secret from Stephen! he will never overlook or forget it." As she neared London, the task of breaking this unlooked-for trouble increased in magnitude, and every minute discovered some fresh difficulty, until, when the train reached Paddington, her anxiety had resolved itself into the words, "What shall I say to him?" and this she kept repeating during her drive to Albemarle Street, where she learnt that, after breakfast that morning, Sir Stephen had left, saying he was going down to his place, but that he should most likely return on Friday.

"To-morrow," she said to her maid, "I want you to do whatever business you have in town; I shall not require you to go to Pamphillon with me."

Pamphillon was a good three hours' journey from London; so, though the nine-o'clock train entailed rather early rising, Katherine decided to go by it, and the next morning nine o'clock found her commencing her journey. What an undertaking it now seemed! She began to be filled with all sorts of anxiety and fear, but she steadily determined to master herself, so that her energies might be turned upon the story she was going to tell. During the night she had made up



her mind, that if possible she would not repeat to Stephen what his mother had told her. "If I can but keep the principal fact from him," she thought, "it will not be half so hard for him to bear; if I tell him poor aunt burnt this certificate, what may he not do? perhaps as he did before in his trouble, rush off to some wild, out-of-the-way part of the world—India or America; refuse ever to see his mother again; or, if they did meet, treat her with a chilling indifference, which would kill her." Well did Katherine know how sorely such fears were distracting Mrs. Prescott; loss of home, income, position, all seemed swallowed up in the certainty that in her son's eyes she would now be lowered and degraded. Poor mother! how this thought racked her! how she shrank from meeting his altered gaze—a gaze in which love would be blotted out by reproach! At the time they were speaking of this together, it had not occurred to Katherine that she could do more than endeavour to soften down Stephen's bitterness, but now she saw there was a possibility that much more might be effected; if she failed, at least she could but try, and the certainty that, at the barest hint, Stephen would never rest until justice was done, gave much hope to her scheme. She carefully set herself to work to consider how much she could withhold, and how much, in order to impress upon him the importance of investigating the matter, must be told to him.

Absorbed in these reflections, the time passed very rapidly, and as the train stopped at a little station near, she could hardly believe she was close to Pamphillon. Almost unconsciously she began comparing the rural wealth among which it stood, with the wild, barren surroundings of Combe. In that golden time of russet leaves the noble old woods looked their best, half hiding, half discovering the principal wing of the house, on which a wealth of architectural taste had been lavished. Katherine closed her eyes, and resolutely turning them away from all beauty of sea and rock, she bade her memory picture the ugly, steep village leading up to bleak downs and barren heights—the house built with a thorough contempt of all style, the one object being to afford the best protection against beating storms of wind and rain, from which the thick, stunted trees afforded little shelter. And was this to be Stephen's home? Would he banish himself far from society and civilization in such a

desert? Never! Surely the time had come for all false pride to be laid aside between them, and this day, at all risks, their future should be decided.

At the little station, the one man who did the double duty of porter and ticket collector, could not believe his eyes when the train stopped, and Mrs. Labouchere got out; nor his ears when, instead of waiting for the wondrous vehicle from the Prescott Arms, she signified her intention of getting into old Johnson's one-horse fly, which stood at the wicket gate.

In after days Katherine always recalled Pamphillon, as that morning it stamped itself upon her mind. The drowsy, well-to-do village, where each person she saw stopped to give her a respectful salutation, the neatly kept cottages, the trim gardens. If Stephen had here chafed and worried over the evils he could not remedy, surely the horrors of Combe would distract him. As they turned from the lane into the road skirting the park, a network of rich pasture and yellow fields opened out, adding to the sweetness of the scene, which, viewed under Katherine's present feelings, seemed a very paradise of pastoral beauty. At the nearest of the several entrances she bade the man stop, saying she would walk through the park to the house. This she commenced doing at rather a rapid pace, having no wish to encounter Sir Stephen where there was any chance of their meeting being observed upon, and anywhere out of doors he was almost certain to be accompanied by his bailiff or his steward. All her minor difficulties began now to encompass her and take the place of those greater ones which had hitherto filled her mind. "It is a lovely old place," she said, suddenly pausing as the house came in view; then turning slowly round she gazed with wistful eyes in each direction, on the calm, refined beauty of the scene. The approach of footsteps set her heart beating. Suppose—but no, it was only one of the gardeners, who stopped for her to pass him.

"Have you come from the house?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going to Mr. Sharp's with this letter from Sir Stephen."

"Sir Stephen is at the house, then?"

"Yes, ma'am; he came down unexpected yesterday."

"Thank you," and she went on to a side entrance always kept open, and close to the housekeeper's apartment. Here she ascertained that Sir Stephen was in the library, where he had been seeing

people all the morning, but that just now no one was with him.

"Then I will go to him," Katherine said. "There is no need to announce me. I can find my way alone."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### "FATE HAS DEALT HARD WITH US BOTH."

"KATHERINE!" exclaimed Sir Stephen, in a voice of amazement and inquiry at Mrs. Labouchere's unexpected appearance. "What on earth has brought you here? There is nothing the matter, I hope. My mother?"

"Is quite well."

"And not with you?" for it suddenly occurred to him that in order to make a final struggle she had followed him with all speed.

"No; I am alone. I left aunt at Combe yesterday morning. As soon as I reached town I drove to Albemarle Street, and there learnt that you had come on here."

She paused.

Sir Stephen said "yes," and then he paused; but finding Katherine remained silent, he thought, "Mother has sent her to try and move me now by fresh offers — arguments, opposition. Well, I had best meet them cheerfully, and treat them lightly;" so he said smiling, "I suppose my mother bothered you into coming, Katherine. It's the old story about keeping the place, is it not?"

"Not quite, and I proposed to come to you myself. Are we safe not to be disturbed here? I want to talk to you very particularly."

"Perhaps she intends offering to buy it," Sir Stephen thought, as he got up and fastened an outer door.

"We shall not be interrupted, now," he said; "that door shut is a signal that I am engaged." He drew over a chair and seated himself near her, while she took off her gloves, unfastened her mantle and bonnet, not able to bear any pressure near the nervous lump which had begun to gather in her throat.

"What is it, Katey?" he said, gently, feeling that some more than ordinary circumstance was necessary to account for any betrayal of her usually well-controlled self.

"Aunt has told me about young Despard," Katherine blurted out, forgetting, as one usually does, how she had intended leading up to the subject.

"I feared you would blame us for not

telling you before," Sir Stephen said, gravely; "but mother has such extraordinary crotchets in her head about this matter, that anything like common-sense arguments are entirely lost upon her."

"Tell me exactly all you have heard and been told about him," Katherine said, with such an anxious expression of face, that though Sir Stephen began his relation without any delay, he had had time to run over the possibility of Katherine having taken a fancy to Leo, the probability that her fortune and position would greatly influence him, and the fact that Hero would thus be set free. This made him most exact in repeating every detail he had learnt from his mother, and Aunt Lydia, of Leo's parentage, adoption, and bringing up by Mr. Despard.

"This, Katherine," he said in conclusion, "is the sum total of my knowledge, which I only delay telling to Mr. Despard himself until I am in a position to do what I feel, on my uncle's part, it is my duty to do. It cannot be much, but it will be some addition to his present income, which is not, as I need hardly tell you, a very sufficient one."

"Aunt seemed to think you were not quite satisfied with what she told you."

"Satisfied! Oh, I am satisfied enough; but you know, Katherine, what a difficult person my mother is in some things to deal with; there is no bringing her to the point. Now, in this case, had she straightforwardly told me all she knew about the young fellow, there would have been an end of the matter. But no, she must beat about the bush, defend herself on each question I asked, object to every single thing I proposed, until I lost temper, and told her I should apply to Holmes, and so I mean to."

"But you have not done so?"

"No, I have not been to him; I did not want to see him until I had spoken to two or three of the tenants, who, like myself, have not been Fortune's favourites, and are a little behindhand with their affairs. I want them to start fresh, as I hope to do, and there is no need for Holmes knowing all this."

"Aunt was so afraid you had gone straight to Mr. Holmes's."

"Poor old soul! how she does delight in worrying herself! I left that message purposely, thinking, if I had said I was coming here, she would have guessed what for, and given herself no peace. All I want to know from Holmes is whether Uncle Bernard ever mentioned the subject to him."

"Yes, he did."

"He did?" exclaimed Sir Stephen in a tone of amazement. "Why, how do you know?"

"Because aunt has been recalling things which had quite slipped her memory. She recollects now that Mr. Holmes asked her, if she had ever heard of this woman and a child. The woman, he said, was dead; but about the child he was not certain."

Sir Stephen's face changed.

"Why could not mother have told me this?"

"I do not know; perhaps I ask questions that lead her into remembering things. Then I bring to her mind circumstances she had forgotten, and so in some way, you know, she generally tells more to me than she does to any one else. Poor thing! she is in a sad way now, Stephen."

"About what?"

"About this young man. She so fears that perhaps she did not sift the matter as she ought to have done. You know how tender her conscience is, Stephen, and at the time of your uncle's death she was so engrossed with the ruinous state he had left the property in, that no one could wonder at her having no room in her thoughts for anything else. Every one must see, that she would only have been too glad to shift the burden upon other shoulders than her own; besides which, who could have dreamed of your uncle marrying any one—but aunt?"

"What should make her suddenly believe that he did?"

"Well, some letters, or a letter of his in which mention was made of a Matilda Williams, living at Hatfield, and, read by this new light, aunt is convinced that the folly to which he alluded must have meant marriage. At all events, Stephen, she will never rest until you have been to the parish church there, and have convinced yourself that such a marriage never took place."

Sir Stephen sat with his eyes fixed blankly upon Katherine.

"My God!" he said at length, as the great unbroken wave of his misery swept over him.

"You may find nothing, Stephen," Katherine said, thinking it best to try and soften this calamity by a doubt of its existence.

"Where is this letter?"

"Burnt; aunt burnt it with the rest."

"Then as surely as we two sit here, it is true," he answered. "Katherine, you

know it; my mother has told you so, and this is why she concealed it from me all along."

"If she was remiss or careless, her fearful anxiety is paying dearly enough now," Katherine murmured.

"Yes. Now she would have me rush off, get together every scrap of information, and try to persuade every one, as she is persuading herself, that until I spoke of it the bare possibility never dawned upon her. Who will believe me? Not only shall we be reduced to beggary, but we shall be looked upon as impostors."

He hid his face in his hands, so that Katherine might not see its pained working; but her own was scarcely less troubled. Rising to go over to his side, she trembled so violently that she was forced to kneel down and lean against the table.

"Stephen," she said in all but a whisper, "I once did you a great wrong. I was presumptuous and self-confident then, and I thought it a grand thing to force a royal road through our difficulties. Very soon I learnt the fatal error I had made, and that in your eyes I could never regain my self-respect; then the money which had cost me my happiness turned to a burden; so it has remained until this moment. Now a gleam of hope comes that you will let it give me some pleasure. This young man cannot keep Pamphillon; he must sell it. Buy it of him. If he chooses to assume the title, let him; but do not let the sacrifices aunt made be in vain. She has been a mother to us both, Stephen; repay her by doing this. I cannot tell you how it wrings my heart, to know that both of you may be called upon to suffer anything which I could save you from. For her sake, Stephen—for your mother's sake—do what I ask, and—and take it from me as freely as I, in need, took from her and from you."

Stephen felt his own eyes fill as he looked upon the earnest face before him.

"My dear," he said softly, "think what the world might reasonably accuse me of, if I bought the estate from a man too needy to keep an inheritance of which, for years, I have been unjustly depriving him. No, my embarrassment will be my greatest justification."

Katherine was silent; she saw the reasonableness of this argument.

"But I could buy it?" she said presently. "Every one knows I can afford to do so."

"Certainly you could buy it; but I

should not advise your doing so; it is a very troublesome estate to manage."

"I should not want it for myself," she said in a low tone, and her eyes were raised to his with a look of such pleading entreaty, that in a moment all his mother had said and hinted at rushed across him, and he knew that it was Katherine's turn to love him.

"Katherine," he said very gravely, "I know the largeness of your heart, and that you are still bent upon benefiting me; but, my dear, this is a gift which a brother could not take from a sister, were that sister young as you are, and likely to form other and nearer ties."

She shook her head, and two heavy drops fell upon the table towards which she had turned away.

"Do not look upon this as impossible, Katherine dear. I will tell you something which will show you how very little we know of our own hearts. For years after you married I was aimless and purposeless, from the belief that I could never again take any interest in life. Even after I came to England, and met you, this feeling still existed, and I looked upon you as its sole cause, and this prevented my having the brotherly regard which I saw you wished to exist between us. Well, I went down to Mallett, and suddenly the whole course of my life changed; new hopes and prospects seemed to brighten it, and when I asked myself the cause for this, I found it was because my heart had opened again, and the place you had so long left vacant was filled by — Hero Carthew."

A little shiver seemed to run through Katherine, but she did not speak nor move, until, feeling she must know the worst, she said, —

"Are you going to marry her, Stephen?"

"No."

"Because of this?"

"No; before I knew of this, I knew that she cared for some one else."

"Can you tell me who?"

"Yes; to this very Mr. Despard;" and with a pang of intense bitterness, he added, speaking rather to himself than to her, "so probably she will be Lady Prescott, in spite of herself."

"He asked me to marry him yesterday," Katherine said, turning her tear-stained face towards him.

Sir Stephen grew scarlet.

"He asked *you* to marry him?"

"Yes; why or what made him do so I cannot imagine — decidedly nothing in

my manner towards him. I did not tell him so," she added hastily; "I thought it best to keep on good terms with him."

"He knows no more about himself than when I left?"

"Nothing more."

"Then I wish you had told him, Katherine, that he was greatly presuming on your courtesy and kindness."

"I do not think he meant it in that way," she said, inclined to look upon Leo's offence with less severity than her cousin did. "He was surprised into it, I think, by my sudden departure. He is young, and very likely he knows but little of the world. Of course I told him that he must never mention such a thing to me again, because I was quite determined" — and here her voice trembled — "as I am — never to marry. So your scruples are very needless, Stephen. I shall remain a widow as long as I live."

She rose up, and stood gazing into a future which seemed to her blank and desolate. Unknown to herself, her unstudied attitude told her tale of crushed hope and lost love. Looking at her, and remembering how their lives had been linked together, Stephen was touched to the quick; the words he had meant to say died away, and in their place he whispered huskily, —

"God bless you, Katherine, for coming to me in my trouble. Fate has dealt very hardly with us both."

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

##### THIRD LECTURE.

THE problem which of late years has most deeply stirred the philosophic mind of Europe is the problem of creation. No doubt that problem is as old as the world, or at least as old as the first questionings of the human mind; and the solutions which it has received, both from poets and philosophers, are innumerable. Out of many solutions one, which best satisfies the enquiring intellect of the time, generally prevails. In ancient times one or the other solution has even been invested with a kind of sacred authority; and, as the subject is one on which real knowledge is impossible, it is hardly to be wondered at, that, with us too, the prevailing conception of

creation should have continued, up to the nineteenth century, very much the same as what it was at the time of Moses.

Owing to the great development, however, of the study of nature in this century, and the wide diffusion of physical knowledge among all classes of society, the problem of creation has lately risen to the surface again. New facts challenge new thoughts, and the mass of new facts, throwing light on the earliest history of the world, has become so large that we need not wonder if philosophers felt inspired with fresh courage, and by elaborating a new theory of creation, which should not outrage the convictions of men of science and friends of truth, tried to wrest a new province from the land of the Unknowable.

The approaches were made from three points. First of all, there were the ancient vestiges of creation discovered in the strata of the earth; secondly, there was the living history of creation to be studied in the minute stages of embryonic development; and thirdly, there was the comparative method of anatomy, laying bare essential coincidences in the structures of living beings, even of such as had never before displayed the slightest traces of relationship.

The zealous and successful pursuit of these three branches of physical study, now generally spoken of as *Palæontology*, *Embryology*,\* and *Comparative Anatomy*, has produced the same effect with regard to the problem of creation which our own linguistic studies have produced with regard to the problem of the origin of language and thought.

As long as the question of the origin of language was asked in a general and indefinite way, the answers were mostly as general and as unsatisfactory as the questions themselves. In fact, the crude question, How was human language made, or how did it arise? admitted of no scientific answer, and the best that could be said on the subject was, that, like the beginning of all things, the beginning of language, too, transcends the powers of the human understanding. But, when what we may call palæontological studies had placed before us the earliest vestiges of human speech in the most ancient inscriptions and literatures of the world; when, secondly, a study of living languages had disclosed to us the

minute stages of dialectic growth and phonetic decay, through which all languages are constantly passing in their passage from life to death and from death to life; and when, lastly, the comparative method had disclosed to us the essential coincidences in languages, the relationship of which had never been suspected before, then the question of the origin of language started up again, and called for a new and more definite answer.

The analogy between the researches carried on by the students of physical science and by the students of language goes still farther. Whatever difference of opinion there may be between the different schools of physiologists, this one result seems to be permanently established, that the primary elements of all living organisms are the simple *cells*, so that the problem of creation has assumed a new form, and has become the problem of the origin and nature of these cells.

The same in the Science of Language. The most important result which has been obtained by a truly scientific study of languages is this, that, after accounting for all that is purely formal as the result of juxtaposition, agglutination, and inflection, there remain in the end certain simple elements of human speech — phonetic *cells* — commonly called roots. In place, therefore, of the old question of the origin of language, we have here, too, to deal with the new question of the origin of roots.

Here, however, the analogy between the two sciences, in their solution of the highest problems, comes to an end. There are, indeed, two schools of physiologists, the *polygenetic* and the *monogenetic*, the former admitting from the beginning a variety of primitive cells, the latter postulating but one cell, as the source of all being. But it is clear, that the monogenetic school is becoming more and more powerful. Mr. Darwin, as we saw, was satisfied with admitting four or five beginnings for plants, and the same number for animals. But his position has become almost untenable, and his most ardent disciple, Professor Haeckel, treats his master's hesitation on this point with ill-disguised contempt. One little cell is all that he wants to explain the Universe, and he boldly claims for his primordial Moneres, the ancestor of plants and animals and men, a self-generating power, the so-called *generatio spontanea* or *aquívoca*.

Professor Haeckel is very anxious to

\* It is impossible to use *Ontology* in the sense of *Embryology*, for *Ontology* has its own technical meaning and to use it in a new sense would give rise to endless confusion.



convince his readers that the difference between these two schools, the *monogenetic* and *polygenetic*, is of small importance. The differences, he says, between the various Moneres, whose bodies consist of simple matter without form or structure, and which are in fact no more than a combination of carbon in the form of white of eggs, are of a chemical nature only; and the differences of mixture in the endless varieties of combination of white of eggs are so fine as to be, for the present, beyond the powers of human perception.\* But if this is so, surely the rule of all scientific research would be, that we should wait before definitely deciding in favour of *one* primordial cell, and thus creating new trammels in the progress of free enquiries. Whatever the physiologist may say to the contrary, it does make a very great difference to the philosopher, whether the beginning of organic life has happened once, or may be supposed to have happened repeatedly; and though I do not grudge to the *Bathybios* of Haeckel the dignity of a new Adam, I cannot help feeling that in this small speck of slime, dredged up from the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, there is too much left of the old Adam, too much of what I call mythology, too much of human ignorance, concealed under the veil of positive knowledge.

The students of language have given to the problem of the origin of language a far more exact and scientific form. As long as they deal with what may be called the Biology of language, as long as they simply wish to explain the actual phenomena of spoken dialects all over the world, they are satisfied with treating the variety of living cells, or the significant roots of language, as ultimate facts. These roots are what remains in the crucible after the most careful analysis of human language, and there is nothing to lead us on to search for one primordial root, or for a small number of uniform roots, except the mediæval idea that Nature loves simplicity. There was a time when scholars imagined they could derive a language from nine roots, or even from one; but these attempts were purely ephemeral.† At present we know that, though the number of roots is unlimited, the number of those which remain as the actual feeders of each single language amounts to about one thousand.

Some of these roots are, no doubt, sec-

ondary and tertiary formations, and may be reduced to a smaller number of primary forms. But here, too, philological research seems to me to show far more deference to the commandments of true philosophy than the prevalent physiological speculations. While the leading physiologists are striving to reduce all variety to uniformity, the student of language, in his treatment of roots, distinguishes where, to all outward appearance, there is no perceptible difference whatsoever. If in the same language, or in the same cluster of languages, there are roots of exactly the same sound, but different in their later development, a separate existence and an independent origin are allowed to each. There is, for instance, in the Aryan family, the well-known root DA. From it we have Sk. *dādāmi*, I give; Greek *δίδωμι*; Lat. *do*; Slavonic, *da-mi*; Lithuanian, *du-mi*;\* and an endless variety of derivatives, such as *donum*, a gift; French, *donner*, to give, *pardonner*, to forgive; Latin, *trado*, to give over; Greek, *πρόδιδωμι*, to surrender; then Italian, *tradire*; French, *trahir*, *trahison*; English, treason; Latin, *reddo*, to give back; the French, *rendre*, with all its derivatives, extending as far as *rente* and *rentier*. Another derivative of DA, to give, is *dōs*, *dōtis*, a giver, in which sense it occurs at the end of *sacer-dos*; and *dōs*, *dōtis*, what is given to the bride, the English *dower* (the French *douaire*), which comes from the French *douer*, *dotare*, to endow; a *dowager* being a widow possessed of a dowry.

I might go on for hours before I could exhaust the list of words derived from this one root, DA, to give. But what I wish to show you is this, that by the side of this root DA there is another root DA, exactly the same in all outward appearances, consisting of D plus A, and yet totally distinct from the former. While from the former we have, in Sanskrit, *dā-trām*, a gift, we have from the latter *dā-tram*, a sickle. The meaning of the second root is to cut, to carve; from it Greek *δαίο*, and *δαίωμα*, *δαίρσις*, a man who carves. The accent remains, in Sanskrit, on the radical syllable in *dā-tram*, i.e. the cutting (active); whilst it leaves the radical syllable in *dātrām*, i.e. what is given (passive).

There are still other roots, in outward appearance identical with these two, yet totally distinct in their potential charac-

\* Haeckel, *Vorlesungen*, p. 372.

† *Lectures on the Science of Language*, I. p. 44.

\* Pott, *Etymologische Forschungen*, 2nd edit. 1867, p. 105.



ter; meaning, neither to give nor to cut, but to bind (for instance, in *διάδημα*, diadem, what is bound through the hair); *δέμα*, a band or bundle, *κρίθμον* (κρας, *δέμα*) head-dress; and another, meaning to teach, and to know, preserved in *διδάσκω*, Aor. Pass, *ἐδύνη*, &c.

We have the root GAR, meaning to swallow, which yields us the Sanskrit *girati*, he swallows, the Greek *βιβρώσκει*, the Latin *vorat*. We have, secondly, a root GAR, meaning to make a noise, to call, which yields us *gar-ate* in Sanskrit, *γαργαρίζειν*, *βαρβαρίζειν*, and *βορβορίζειν* in Greek, and both *garrire* and *gingrire* in Latin. It is conceivable that these two roots may have been originally one and the same, and that GAR from meaning to swallow may have come to mean the indistinct and disagreeable noise which even now is called swallowing the letters, in Sanskrit *grāsa*, in German *Verschlucken*. But a third root GAR, meaning to wake, the Greek *εγείρω*, perf. *γρήγορα*, can hardly be traced back to the same source, but has a right to be treated as a legitimate and independent companion of the other root GAR.

Many more instances might be given, more than sufficient to establish the principle, that even in the same language two or more roots may be discovered, identical in all outward appearance, yet totally different from each other in meaning and origin.

Then, why, it may be asked, do students of language distinguish, where students of nature do not? Why are physiologists so anxious to establish the existence of cells, uniform from their beginning, yet — I quote from Professor Haeckel — capable of producing by the processes of monogony, gemmation, polysporogony, and amphigony, the endless variety of living creatures? \* Students of language, too, might say, like the physiologists, that, in such cases as the root DA, "the difference of mixture in the endless varieties of consonants and vowels are so fine as to be, for the present at least, beyond the powers of human perception." If they do not follow that Siren voice, it is because they hold to a fundamental principle of reasoning, which the evolutionist philosopher abhors, viz., that if two things, be they roots or cells or anything else, which appear to be alike, become different by evolution, their difference need not al-

ways be due to outward circumstances (commonly called environment), but it may be due to latent dispositions which, in their undeveloped form, are beyond the powers of human perception. If two roots of exactly the same sound produce two totally distinct families of words, we conclude that, though outwardly alike, they are different roots. And if we applied this reasoning to living germs, we should say that, if two germs, though apparently alike, grow, under all circumstances, the one always into an ape, and never beyond, the other always into a man, and never below, then the two germs, though indistinguishable at first, and though following for a time the same line of embryonic development, are different from the beginning, whatever their beginning may have been.

There is another point of difference between the treatment of cells by physiologists, and the treatment of roots by philologists, which requires careful attention. The physiologist is not satisfied with the admission of his uniform cells, but, by subjecting these organic bodies to a new chemical analysis, he arrives in the end at the ordinary chemical substances (the *πρώτα στοιχεία* of nature), and looks upon these, not simply as ruins, or as the residue of a violent dissolution, but as the elements out of which everything that exists, whether lifeless or living, was really built up. He maintains, in fact, the possibility of inorganic substances combining, under favourable circumstances, so as to form organic substances, and he sees in the lowest Moneres the living proof of an independent beginning of life.\*

In the Science of Language we abstain from such experiments, and we do so on principle. We do not expect to discover the origin of living roots by dissolving them into their inorganic or purely phonetic elements; for, although every root may be reduced to at least one consonant and one vowel, these consonants and vowels are simply the *materials*, but not the *elements* of language; they have, in fact, no real independent existence, they

\* A further distinction is made between *Autogony* and *Plasmogony*. The former is the generation of the most simple organic individuals from an inorganic formative fluid, a fluid which contains the requisite elements for the composition of an organism, dissolved in simple and firm combinations, e. g. carbonic acid, ammoniac, binary salts, &c. The latter is the generation of an organism from an organic formative fluid, a fluid which contains the requisite elements dissolved in complicated and loose combination of compounds of carbon, e. g. white of eggs, fat, &c. (Haeckel, *Vorlesungen*, p. 302.)

\* Haeckel, *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte*, achte Vorlesung; Strauss, *Alter und Neuer Glaube*, p. 169.

are nothing but the invention of grammarians, and their combination would only give rise to meaningless sounds, never to significant roots. While the physiologist still entertains a lingering hope that, with the progress of chemical science, it may be possible to produce a living cell out of given materials, *we know* that roots are simple, that they cannot and should not be decomposed, and that consonants and vowels are lifeless and meaningless materials, out of which no real root ever arose, and out of which certainly, nothing like a root can ever be reconstructed. The root DA, for instance, means, as we saw, to give; dissolve it into D and A, and you have meaningless slag and scum. Recompose D and A, and you have indeed the same sound, but its life and meaning are gone, and no language could, by its own free choice, accept such an artificial compound into its grammar or dictionary.

Such are some of the coincidences and some of the differences between Biology and Philology in their attempts to solve the problems of the origin of life and the origin of language; and the question does now arise, Are we, in the Science of Language, driven to admit that roots, because they yield to no further analysis, are therefore to be accepted as unintelligible in their origin, as miraculously implanted in man, but not in animals; or may we hope to be able to go beyond this limit, and discover something which, while it makes the origin of roots perfectly intelligible in man, explains to us, at the same time, why they should never have arisen in any other animal?

Now I say, without hesitation, that roots, though they must be accepted as ultimate facts in the Science of Language, are not ultimate facts in the Science of Thought. The scholar naturally shrinks from a subject which does not directly concern him, and which, according to its very nature, does not admit of that exact treatment to which he is accustomed; but the philosopher must accept facts as they are, and his interests are with the Chaos as well as with the Kosmos. As the medical man, who has to study the marvellously arranged network of the nerves, shrinks instinctively from hypothetical explanations of the first formation of nervous channels, and centres, and ganglia, and plexuses, the scholar, too, is frightened by the chaotic proceedings which are inevitable when we come to ask, how roots came to be what they are. But to those who are

ready to deal with hypothetical subjects in a hypothetical manner, there is nothing mysterious or irrational in the origin of roots. Only let us not forget that roots are not merely sounds, but sounds full of meaning. To take the roots *gā*, to sing, *dā*, to give, *vā*, to blow, and to ask why the three different consonants, g, d, v, should produce such difference of meaning, is absurd, and can never lead to any results. These consonants, though, when we learn our A B C, they look so very real, are nothing by themselves; they can, therefore, possess no meaning by themselves; or produce by themselves any effect whatsoever. All scholars, from Plato down to Humboldt, who imagine that they can discover certain meanings in certain consonants, have forgotten that neither consonants nor vowels are more than abstractions; and if there is any truth in their observations, as there undoubtedly is, we shall see that this must be explained in a different way. A root, on the contrary, is not, as is sometimes supposed, a mere abstraction or invention of grammarians. We have in many languages to discover them by analysis, no doubt; but no one who has ever disentangled a cluster of words can fail to see that, without granting to roots an independent, and really historical existence, the whole evolution of language would become an impossibility. There are languages, however, such as ancient Chinese, in which almost every word is still a root, and even in so modern a language as Sanskrit, there are still many words which, in outward appearance, are identical with roots.

As roots therefore have two sides, an outside, their sound, and an inside, their meaning, it is quite clear that we shall never arrive at a proper understanding of their nature, unless we pay as much attention to their soul as to their body. We must, before all things, have a clear insight into the mechanism of the human mind, if we want to understand the origin of roots; and by placing before you the simplest outline of the mind in the act of knowing, (without considering what concerns emotion and will), I believe I shall be able to lay bare the exact point where the origin of roots becomes, not only intelligible, but inevitable.

It is difficult, at the present moment, to speak of the human mind in any technical language whatsoever without being called to order by some philosopher or other. According to some, the mind is one and indivisible, and it is the subject-matter

only of our consciousness which gives to the acts of the mind the different appearances of feeling, remembering, imagining, knowing, willing, or believing. According to others, mind, as a subject, has no existence whatever, and nothing ought to be spoken of except states of consciousness, some passive, some active, some mixed. I myself have been sharply taken to task for venturing to speak, in this enlightened nineteenth century of ours, of different faculties of the mind, faculties being merely imaginary creations, the illegitimate offspring of mediæval scholasticism.

Now I confess I am amused rather than frightened by such pedantry. Faculty, *facultas*, seems to me so good a word, that, if it did not exist, it ought to be invented, in order to express the different modes of action of what we may still be allowed to call our Mind. It does not commit us more than if we were to speak of the *facilities* or *agilities* of the mind, and only those who change the forces of nature into gods or demons, would be frightened by the faculties, as green-eyed monsters seated in the dark recesses of ourself. I shall, therefore, retain the name of faculty, in spite of its retrogressive appearance; and, in speaking of the act of knowing in the most general, and least technical language, I shall say, that the mind acts in two different ways, or, that its knowledge has two aspects; the one *sensuous* or *intuitional*, sometimes called *presentative*, the other, rational or *conceptual*, sometimes called *representative*. I do not mean that the two can be separated or cut asunder, as on a dissecting table, but only that they can be, and ought to be, distinguished.\*

Although knowledge is impossible, whether for man or beast, without intuitions, the knowledge of man, as soon as he has left the stage of infancy, i.e. speechlessness, is never intuitional only, but always both intuitional and conceptual. Intuition is knowledge too, but it is not knowledge in the technically defined and restricted sense of the word. It is experience concerned with individual objects only, whether external, as supplied by sense, or internal, as supplied by emotion or volition.

True knowledge, even in its lowest form, always consists in the combination of an intuition and a concept. When I

say, This is a dog, or, This is a tree, or, This is anything else, I must have the concept of a dog or a tree to which I refer this or that intuition, this or that state of consciousness. These concepts are not intuitive. There is no word in the whole of our dictionary, with the exception of proper names, to which anything real or intuitional corresponds. No one ever saw a dog or a tree; but only this or that dog, a Scotch terrier or a Newfoundland dog; a fir tree, or an oak tree, or an apple tree; and then again, no one ever saw an apple tree, but only a few parts of it, a little of the bark, a few leaves, an apple here and there; and all these again, not as they really are, but one side of them only. Tree, therefore, is a concept, and, as such, can never be seen or perceived by the senses, can never acquire phenomenal or intuitional form. We live in two worlds, the world of sight and the world of thought; and, strange as it may sound, nothing that we think, nothing that we name, nothing that we find in our dictionary, can ever be seen, or heard, or perceived.

Now our concepts and our words are produced by a faculty, or by a mode of mental action, which is not simply a barrier between man and beast, but which creates a new world in which we live. If all animals were blind, and man alone possessed the faculty of seeing, that would not constitute a barrier between man and beast; it would simply be an increase of that intuitional knowledge which we share in common with the beast.

But the faculty of forming concepts is something, not simply beyond, but altogether beside the world of sense. Concepts are formed by what is called the faculty of abstraction, a very good word, as expressing the act of dissolving sensuous intuitions into their constituent parts, divesting each part of its momentary and purely intuitional character, and thus imparting to it that general capacity which enables us to gain general, conceptual, real knowledge.

There is, no doubt, considerable difference of opinion among psychologists as to the exact process by which concepts are formed; but, for the object which we here have in view, any theory, from Plato down to Hume, will be acceptable. What is important to us is to see clearly that, as long as we have intuitional knowledge only, as long as we only see, hear, or touch this or that, we cannot predicate, we cannot name, we cannot reason, in the true sense of the word. We can do many

\* Kant, *Prolegomena*, p. 60. "Die Summe hiervon ist diese: die Sache der Sinne ist anzuschauen, die des Verstandes zu denken. Denken aber ist Vorstellungen in einem Bewusstsein vereinigen."

things intuitively ; perhaps the best things we ever do are done intuitively, and as if by instinct ; and for the development of animal instincts, for all the clever things that, we are told, animals do, intuitional knowledge is more than sufficient, and far more important than conceptual knowledge. But, in order to form the simplest judgment, in order to say "This is green," we must have acquired the concept of green ; we must possess what is generally called the idea of green, with its endless shades and varieties ; we must, at least, to speak with Berkeley, "have made the idea of an individual the representative of a class." Thus only can we predicate green of any single object which produces in us, besides other impressions, that impression also which we have gathered up with many others in the concept and name of "green."

The difference between intuitional and conceptual knowledge has been dwelt on by all philosophers ; nor do I know of any philosopher of note who has claimed for animals the possession of conceptual knowledge. Even evolutionist philosophers, who admit no difference in kind whatsoever, and who therefore can look upon human reason as a development only of brute reason, seldom venture so far as to claim for animals the actual possession of conceptual knowledge.

Locke, who can certainly not be suspected of idealistic tendencies, says,\* "If it may be doubted whether beasts compound and enlarge their ideas that way to any degree, this, I think, I may be positive in, that the power of abstracting is not at all in them ; and that the having of general ideas is that which puts a perfect distinction betwixt man and brutes, and is an excellency which the faculties of brutes do by no means attain to. For, it is evident, we observe no footsteps in them of making use of general signs for universal ideas ; from which we have reason to imagine that they have not the faculty of abstracting or making general ideas, since they have no use of words or any other general signs."

Few philosophers have studied animals so closely, and expressed their love for them so openly as Schopenhauer. "Those," he says, "who deny understanding to the higher animals, can have very little themselves." "It is true," he says, in another place, "animals cannot speak and laugh. But the dog, the only real friend of man, has something analogous,

—his own peculiar, expressive, good-natured, and thoroughly honest wagging of the tail. How far better is this natural greeting than the bows and scrapings and grinnings of men ! How much does it surpass in sincerity, for the present at least, all other assurances of friendship and devotion ! How could we endure the endless deceptions, tricks and frauds of men, if there were not dogs, into whose honest faces one may look without mistrust !"

The same philosopher assigns to animals both memory and imagination (*Phantasie*). He quotes the case of a puppy, unwilling to jump from a table, as a proof that the category of causality belongs to animals also. But he is too expert a philosopher to allow himself to be carried away by fanciful interpretations of doubtful appearances ; and when he explains the formation of general notions as the peculiar work of reason, he states, without any hesitation or qualification, "that it is this function which explains all those facts which distinguish the life of men from the life of animals."\*

I have said again and again that according to the strict rules of positive philosophy, we have no right either to assert or to deny anything with reference to the so-called mind of animals. But to those who think that philosophy may trust to anthropomorphic analogies, and that at least no counter arguments can be brought forward against their assertions that animals generalize, form concepts, and use them for the purpose of reasoning, exactly as we do, I may be allowed to propose at least two cases for explanation. They are selected out of a large mass of stories which have lately been collected in illustration of the animal intellect, and they possess at least this advantage, that they are both told by truly scientific observers.

The first is taken from Autenrieth, in his *Ansichten über Natur und Seelenleben*, published in 1836.

"The grub of the *Nachtphänax* spins, at the upper end of its case, a double roof of stiff bristles, held together at the end by very fine threads. This roof opens through a very light pressure from within, but offers a strong resistance to any pressure from without. If the grub acted according to judgment and reason, it would, according to human ideas, have had to consider as follows : — That it might possibly become a chrysalis, and be exposed to all sorts of accidents without any chance of escape, unless it

\* *Lectures on the Science of Language*, I. 405.

\* Frauenstädt, *Schopenhauer-Lexicon*, s.v. *Begriff*.

took sufficient precautions; that it would rise from the chrysalis as a butterfly, without having the organs and power to break the covering which it had spun as a grub, or without being able, like other butterflies, to emit a liquid capable of dissolving silky threads; that, therefore, unless it had, while a grub, made preparations for an easy exit from its prison, it would suffer in it a premature death. While engaged in building such a prison, the grub ought to have perceived clearly that, in order to escape hereafter as a butterfly, it would have to make a roof so constructed that it should protect from without, but open easily from within, and that this could be effected by means of stiff silky bristles, converging in the middle, but otherwise free. It would also have to know beforehand that, for that purpose, the same silky substance had to be used out of which the whole covering was built up, only with greater art. And yet it could not have been instructed in this by its parents, because they were dead before it escaped from its egg. Nor could it have learnt it by habit and experience, for it performs this work of art once only in its life; nor by imitation, for it does not live in society. Its understanding, too, could be but little cultivated during its grub-life, for it does nothing but creep about on the shrub on which it first saw the light, eat its leaves, cling to it with its feet, so as not to fall to the ground, and hide beneath a leaf, so as not to be wetted by the rain. To shake off by involuntary contortions its old skin whenever it became uncomfortable, was the whole of its life, the whole of its reasoning, before it began to spin its marvellous shroud."

The other case is an experiment very ingeniously contrived, with a view of discovering traces of generalization in the ordinary habits of animals. The experiment was made by Mr. Amsberg, of Stralsund, and described by Dr. Möbius, Professor of Zoology at Kiel.\*

"A pike who swallowed all small fishes which were put into his aquarium, was separated from them by a pane of glass, so that, whenever he tried to pounce on them, he struck his gills against the glass, and sometimes so violently that he remained lying on his back, like dead. He recovered, however, and repeated his onslaughts, till they became rarer and rarer, and at last, after three months,

ceased altogether. After having been in solitary confinement for six months, the pane of glass was removed from the aquarium, so that the pike could again roam about freely among the other fishes. He at once swam towards them, but he never touched any one of them, but always halted at a respectful distance of about an inch, and was satisfied to share with the rest the meat that was thrown into the aquarium. He had therefore been trained so as not to attack the other fishes which he knew as inhabitants of the same tank. As soon, however, as a strange fish was thrown into the aquarium, the pike in no wise respected him, but swallowed him at once. After he had done this forty times, all the time respecting the old companions of his imprisonment, he had to be removed from the aquarium on account of his large size."

"The training of this pike," as Professor Möbius remarks, "was not, therefore, based on judgment; it consisted only in the establishment of a certain direction of will, in consequence of uniformly recurrent sensuous impressions. The merciful treatment of the fishes which were familiar to him, or, as some would say, which he knew, shows only that the pike acted without reflection. Their view provoked in him, no doubt, the natural desire to swallow them, but it evoked at the same time the recollection of the pain which he had suffered on their account, and the sad impression that it was impossible to reach the prey which he so much desired. These impressions acquired a greater power than his voracious instinct, and repressed it at least for a time. The same sensuous impression, proceeding from the same fishes, was always in his soul the beginning of the same series of psychic acts. He could not help repeating this series, like a machine, but like a machine with a soul, which has this advantage over mechanical machines, that it can adapt its work to unforeseen circumstances, while a mechanical machine can not. The pane of glass was to the organism of the pike one of these unforeseen circumstances."

Truly scientific observations and experiments, like the two here mentioned, will serve at least to show how much can be achieved by purely intuitional knowledge, possessed in common by men and animals, and without the help of that conceptual knowledge which I regard as the exclusive property of man.

With us, every element of knowledge, even the simplest impression of the

\* *Schriften des Naturwissenschaftlichen Vereins für Schleswig-Holstein*. Separatabdruck. Kiel, 1873.



senses, has been so completely conceptualized, that it is almost impossible for us to imagine intuitional without conceptual knowledge. It is not always remarked that we men have almost entirely left the sphere of purely intuitional knowledge, and that the world in which we live and move and have our being is a world of concepts; a world which we have created ourselves, and which, without us, without the spectators in the theatre, would vanish into nothing.

What do we mean when we say we know a thing? A child which for the first time in his life sees an elephant, may stare at the huge beast, may fix his eyes on its trunk and tusks, may touch its skin, and walk round the monster so as to measure it from every side. While this is going on the child sees the beast, feels it, measures it; but we should never say the first time the child sees an elephant, that he knows it.

When the child sees the same elephant, or another elephant, a second time, and recognizes the animal as the same, or *nearly* the same which he saw before, then, for the first time, we say that the child knows the elephant. This is knowledge in its lowest and crudest form. It is no more than a connecting of a present with a past intuition or phantasm; it is, properly speaking, *remembering* only, and not yet *cognition*. The animal intellect, according to the ordinary interpretation, would go as far as this, but no farther.

But now let us take, not exactly a child, but a boy who for the first time sees an elephant. He, too, does not know the elephant, but he knows that what he sees for the first time, is an *animal*. What does that mean? It means that the boy possesses the concept of a living and breathing being, different from man, and that he recognizes this general concept in the elephant before him. Here, too, cognition takes place by means of *recognition*, but what is recognized is not connected with a former intuition, but with a concept, the concept of animal.\*

Now, an animal, as such, has no actual existence. A boy may have seen dogs, cats, and mice, but never an animal in general. The concept of animal is therefore of man's own making, and its only object is to enable man to know.

\* When the Romans first became acquainted with the elephant, they used the concept of *ox* for the conception of the new animal, and called it *Bos Luca*. In the same manner savage tribes, who had never seen horses, called horses large pigs.

But now let us make a further step, and instead of a child or a boy, take a young man who knows the elephant, not only as what he has seen in the Zoological Garden, not only as an animal, but scientifically, as we call it, as a vertebrate. What is the difference between his knowledge and that of the boy? Simply this, that he has formed a new concept — that of the vertebrate — comprehending less than the concept of animal, but being more definite, more accurate, and therefore more useful for knowing one class of animals from another. These scientific concepts can be made narrower and narrower, more and more accurate and scientific, till at last, after having classed the elephant as a vertebrate, a mammal, a pachydermatous animal, and a proboscideate, we leave the purely physical classification, and branching off into metaphysical language, call the elephant a living object, a material object, an object in general. In this, and in no other way, do we gain knowledge, whether scientific or unscientific; and if we should ever meet with an intuition for which we have no concept whatsoever, not even that of material object, then that intuition would be inconceivable, and utterly unknowable; it would transcend the limits of our knowledge.\* The whole of what we call the human intellect consists of these concepts, a kind of net for catching intuitional knowledge, which becomes larger and stronger with every draught that is brought to land. Wonderful as the human intellect may appear, when we look upon it as a whole, its nature is extremely simple. It separates and combines, it destroys and builds up, it throws together at haphazard or classifies with the minutest care, the materials supplied by the senses, and it is for this very reason, because it intermixes, or interlaces, or interlinks, that it was called the *Inter-lect*, softened into *Intellect*. The more concepts we possess, the larger is our knowledge; the more carefully we handle or interlink our concepts, the more closely do we reason; and the more freely we can tumble out the contents of these pigeon-holes, and throw them together, the more startling is our power of imagination.

We now come to the next point, How is this work of the human intellect, the forming and handling of concepts, carried on? Are concepts possible, or, at

\* See the whole of this subject treated most excellently by Mr. Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, p. 79.

least, are concepts ever realized without some form or outward body? I say decidedly, No. If the Science of Language has proved anything, it has proved that conceptual or discursive thought can be carried on in words only. *There is no thought without words, as little as there are words without thought.* We can, by abstraction, distinguish between words and thought, as the Greeks did, when they spoke of inward (*ἐνδιάθετος*) and outward (*προφορικός*) Logos, but we can never separate the two without destroying both. If I may explain my meaning by a homely illustration, it is like peeling an orange. We can peel an orange, and put the skin on one side and the flesh on the other; and we can peel language, and put the words on one side and the thought or meanings on the other. But we never find in nature an orange without peel, nor peel without an orange; nor do we ever find in nature thought without words, or words without thought.

It is curious, however, to observe how determinately this conclusion has been resisted. It is considered humiliating that what is most spiritual in us, our thoughts, should be dependent on such miserable crutches as words are supposed to be. But words are by no means such miserable crutches. They are the very limbs, aye, they are the very wings of thought. We do not complain that we cannot move without legs. Why then should we consider it humiliating that we cannot think without words?

The most ordinary objection to this view of thought and language is, that if thought were dependent on words, the deaf and dumb would be without conceptual thought altogether. But, according to those who have best studied this subject, it is perfectly true\* that deaf and dumb persons, if left entirely to themselves, have no concepts, except such as can be expressed by less perfect symbols—and that it is only by being taught that they acquire some kind of conceptual thought and language. Were this otherwise, however, we, at all events, could know nothing of their concepts, except through some kind of language, intelligible both to them and to ourselves, while, according to the premiss, the deaf and dumb are supposed to be without language altogether.

Another and more powerful objection is, that the invention of language involves the previous existence of concepts,

because we can only feel impelled to express what already exists in our mind. This objection, however, has been met by showing that in the usual sense of that word language was never invented, and that here, as in all other cases, though we may say that, logically, the function is the antecedent of the organ, yet in reality organ and function always presuppose each other, and cannot exist the one without the other.

A third objection is, that language, in the usual sense of the word, is not the only organ of conceptual thought. Now this is perfectly true, and has never been questioned. Besides the phonetic symbols of language, there are other less perfect symbols of thought, which are rightly called *ideographic*. We can form the concept of "three" without any spoken word, by simply holding up three fingers. In the same manner the hand might stand for *five*, both hands for *ten*, hands and feet for *twenty*. This is how people who possessed no organs of speech would speak; this is how the deaf and dumb *do* speak.\* Three fingers are as good as three strokes, three strokes are as good as three clicks of the tongue, three clicks of the tongue are as good as the sound *three*, or *trois*, or *drei*, or *shalosh* in Hebrew, or *san* in Chinese. But all these are signs; and being signs, symbols, or embodiments of concepts, they fall under the general category of *logos* or language. "As a matter of necessity," Professor Mansel remarked, "men must think by symbols; as a matter of fact, they do think by language."†

Nothing, however, seems of any avail to convince our opponents that they cannot do what they imagine they have been doing all their lives, viz., thinking silently, or without words. Some of the Polynesian savages would seem to have a far truer insight into the nature of thought, for their expression for thinking is "speaking in the stomach." But modern philosophers imagine they are wiser than these primitive savages; and in order to put an end to all controversy, they have had recourse even to the test of experiment. I shall try to describe these experiments as well as I can, and if my description seems incredible, it is certainly not my fault. As far as I can follow those who have tried the experiment, they begin by shutting their

\* See some excellent remarks on gesture-language by Mr. E. B. Tylor, in the *Fortnightly Review*, 1866, p. 544.

† *North British Review*, 1850.

\* *Lectures on the Science of Language*, II. 74, note.

eyes and ears, and holding their breath. They then sink into unconsciousness, and when all is dark and still, they try their new art of ventriloquism, thinking thoughts without words. They begin with a very simple case. They want to conjure up the thought of a . . . . I must not say what, for it is to be a nameless thing, and every time that its name rises, it is gulped down and ordered to vanish. However, in confidence, I may whisper that they want to conjure up the thought of a—*dog*.

Now the word *dog* is determinately suppressed; hound, cur, and all the rest, too, are ordered away. Then begins the work. "Rise up, thou quadruped with ears and wagging tail!" But alas! the charm is already broken! Quadruped, ears, tail, wagging, all are words which cannot be admitted.

Silence is restored, and a new effort begins. This time there is to be nothing about quadruped, or animal, or hairy brute; the inner consciousness sinks lower, and at last there rises a being, to be developed gradually and insensibly into a dog. But, alas! "being," too, is a word, and as soon as it is whispered, all the potential dogs vanish into nothing.

A last appeal, however, remains. No animal, no being, nothing is to be talked of; complete silence is restored; no breath is drawn. There is a something coming near, the ghost appears, when suddenly he is greeted by the recognizing self with Bow-wow! bow-wow! Then, at last, the effort is given up as hopeless, the eyes are opened, the ears unstopped, the breath is allowed to rise again, and as soon as the word *dog* is uttered, the ghost appears, the concept is there, we know what we mean, we think and say *Dog*. Let any one try to think without words, and, if he is honest, he will confess that the process which he goes through is somewhat like the one I have just tried to describe.

I believe that there would have been far less unwillingness to admit that conceptual thought is impossible without language, if people had not been frightened by the recollection of the old controversies between Nominalism and Realism. But the Science of Language has nothing to do either with Nominalism or Realism. It does not teach that concepts are nothing but words, but only that concepts are nothing without words, and words nothing without concepts. If Condillac maintained that science is but a well-made language, he was

right, but only because he assigned to language a much fuller meaning than it usually has. Again, when Horne Tooke said that the business of the mind extended no further than to receive impressions, that what are called its operations are merely the operations of language, he too was right, only that he used *mind* where we generally use *sense*, and *language* where we use *λογος* or *reason*. I quoted on a former occasion\* the words of Schelling and Hegel on the indivisibility of thought and language; I may add to-day the testimony of one who looked upon the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel as *verba praterquam nihil*, and who yet fully supports their view on this point.

"That language (verbal or other) is inseparable from thought, is rendered morally certain by the impossibility under which we all labour of forming universal notions without the aid of voluntary symbols. The instant we advance beyond the perception of that which is present *now* and *here*, our knowledge can be only representative; as soon as we rise above the individual object, our representative sign must be arbitrary. The phantasms of imagination may have more or less resemblance to the objects of sense; but they bear that resemblance solely by virtue of being, like those objects themselves, individual. I may recall to mind, with more or less vividness, the features of an absent friend, as I may paint his portrait with more or less accuracy; but the likeness in neither case ceases to be the individual representation of an individual man. But my conception of a man in general can attain universality only by surrendering resemblance; it becomes the representative of all mankind only because it has no special likeness to any one man."†

But this is not all. The Science of Language teaches us not only that there can be no concept without a word, but that every word of our language, (with the exception of purely interjectional and imitative words) is based on a concept.

Let us clear the ground a little before we proceed. We know,‡ first of all, that all words which express abstract ideas are borrowed from some material appearance. "*Right* means straight; *wrong* means twisted. *Spirit* primarily means wind; *transgression*, the crossing of a

\* Lectures on the Science of Language, II. p. 77.

† Letters, Lectures, and Reviews, by H. L. Mansel, p. 8.

‡ See Emerson, *Complete Works*, Vol. II. p. 149.

line; *supercilious*, the raising of the eye-brow."

We know that *anima* in Latin means the wind, the breath of living beings, life, and lastly soul. Sallust says, *Ingenii facinora, sicut anima, immortalia sunt*, the works of genius are immortal, like the soul. We may therefore say that in *anima*, the French *âme*, the original concept is breathing. But we have now to advance a step farther into that earlier stratum of language and thought where we want to find out, not only the original concept of *anima*, soul, but the original concept of *anima*, wind. Why was it, and how was it, that the wind was ever called *anima*? In fact, why has any word in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, just that form and that meaning which it has? That is what we want to know if, as scholars, we speculate on the origin of language.

The answer which the Science of Language gives is this: Take any word you like in any language which has a past, and you will invariably find that it is based on a concept. The process of names-giving was, in fact, the first attempt at classification, very weak, very unscientific, no doubt, but for that very reason all the more interesting for watching the pre-historic growth of the human mind. Thus, in the old Aryan name for horse, Sansk. *arva*, equus, ἵππος, Old Saxon, *ehu*, we discover nothing like the neighing of a horse, but we discover the concept of quickness embodied in the root AK, to be sharp, to be quick, from which we have likewise the names for mental quickness, such as *acutus*. We therefore see here, not in theory, but by actual historical evidence, that the concept of quickness existed, *had been fully elaborated first*, and that through it the conceptual, as distinct from the purely intuitional knowledge of horse was realized. That name, the quick, might have been applied to many other animals too; but having been repeatedly applied to horses, it became for that very reason unfit for any other purposes. Serpents, for instance, are quick enough when they fall on their prey, but their name was formed from another concept, that of squeezing or throttling. They were called *ahi* in Sanskrit; ἔχιν in Greek; *anguis* in Latin, all from a root AH, to squeeze; or *sarpa*, in Latin serpents, from a root SARP, to creep, to go.

The goose is called *hamsa*-s in Sanskrit; *gós* (for *gans*) in Anglo-Saxon; *ans-er* (for *ganser*) in Latin. The root

from which these words are derived was GHA, to open the mouth, to gape, modified to GHAN in γάινω, and to GHANS. The Greek χήν, χηνός, comes from the same root in its simpler form GHAN. The goose was, therefore, originally conceived as the gaping, or hissing bird, and hence its name.

The wolf was called *varka*-s, from a root VARK, to tear, and the same word appears as the name of the wolf in Sanskrit as *vrika*-s; in Greek Φλώκ-ς; in Latin as *Lupu*-s (*vlupus*); in Gothic as *vulf*-s.

The pig was called *sus*, ὄρ; Old High-German, *sū*; Gothic, *svein*: all from a root SU, to beget; the sow being considered the most prolific of domestic animals. The Sanskrit *sūkara*-s, lit. the sum-maker or grunter, is clearly a play of popular etymology.

By the same simple process, class after class of animals was separated from the crude mass of intuitional knowledge; birds, fishes, worms, trees and plants, stones and metals, were all distinguished by conceptual names, and man, too, received his proper name, either as the earth-born (*homō*) or as the dying creature (*mortalis*), or as the measurer and thinker (*manus*).

Birds were called in Sanskrit *vi*, plural, *vayas*; the Latin, *avis*; the Greek *oi* in οἰωνός, lit. a large bird. The name meant probably at first no more than the movers, from the root VI, which also yielded *vāyu*-s, a name for the wind in Sanskrit and Zend;\* but it soon answered the purpose of distinguishing the flying animals from all others. As other distinguishing qualities of birds came to be observed, they, too, found expression in language. Thus we have in Sanskrit *pakshin*, possessed of wings, from *paksha*, wing; † *patrin*, feathered, from *patra*-m, feather; *patatrin*, feathered, from *patatra*-m, feather; *andaga*-s, eggborn or oviparous; *khaga*-s, sky-goer, &c. In Greek we have besides οἰωνός, ὄρνις, ὄρνιθος, it may be from a root AR, to rise; πτερόν, the flying animal. In Latin we find *volucris*, flying; *alīs*, *alitis*, winged, &c.

For fish there is no name that could be claimed for the early Aryan period; and the names which occur in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, *matsya*, ἰχθύς, *piscis*, do not clearly reveal their predicative power.

The name for worm in Sanskrit is

\* See Justi, *Handbuch*, s. v. VI. Pictet's statement (1,500) that *vi* means in Zend fish also, is unfounded.

† Benfey compares *pakshin* with Goth. *fugl*, lowl.

*krīmi-s*; in Lithuanian, *kirmi-s*, both of which can be derived from the root *KRAM*, to walk, to roam. The Latin *vermis* and the Gothic *vaurm-s*, come probably from the same source, but the Greek *ἐλμυς* must be derived from the root *VAL*, to twist.

In this manner, and in no other, our concepts and our names, our intellect and our language, were formed together. Some single feature was fixed upon as characteristic of an object, or of a class of objects, a root was there which expressed that feature, and by the addition of a pronominal base, a compound was formed, meaning originally whatever the root expresses, substantiated in a certain place, predicated of a certain object. Thus the root *yudh*, to fight, comes to mean by the mere addition of a pronominal base, commonly called the termination of the nominative singular, the fight, the fighter, and the instrument of fighting. This ambiguity was afterwards removed by the introduction of so-called suffixes, by which a distinction was made between such words as *yudh-i*, the act of fighting; *yudh-ma*, a fighter; (*āyudh-a*, a weapon. In these words we say that *yudh* appears as the root; and how real that root is we can easily see by its frequent occurrence not only as a root, but as a perfect word in the oldest Sanskrit, that of the Veda. We find there \* the locative *yudh-i*, in the battle; the instrumental *yudh-ā*, with a weapon; the locative plural, *yut-su*, among fighters; just as we find *yu-yudh-e*, he has fought, and *ayuddha*, he fought, &c. The difference between the nominal and verbal compounds is simply this, that the former express fighting-there, fighting-he, fighting-one, fighter: the latter fighting-I, fighting-thou, fighting-he.

Without entering further into the niceties of these grammatical compositions, I only wish to point out here, first, that the whole of our language, from the simplest word to the most complex paulopost future, is conceptual; secondly, that language pre-supposes the formation of concepts; and thirdly, that all such concepts are embodied in roots. The two problems, therefore, that of the elaboration of concepts, and that of the elaboration of roots, become in reality one, and must be solved together, if they are to be solved at all.

Now, whatever difference of opinion there may be among philosophers as to the real origin of concepts, there can be

none as to the origin of roots. It is true these roots are frequently spoken of as something mysterious, but this mystery, like many other mysteries, would seem to be of our own making.

Let us see, first of all, what roots are not. Roots are not either interjections or imitations. Interjections such as *pooh*, and imitations such as *bow-wow*, are the very opposite of roots. *They are vague and varying in sound, and special in meaning; while roots are definite in sound, but general in meaning.* Interjections, however, and imitations are the only possible materials out of which human language could be framed; and the real problem, therefore, is this, how, starting with interjections and imitations, can we ever arrive at roots?

Interjections and imitations deserve a much more careful study than they have hitherto received, even from those who imagine that our words can be derived straight from interjections and imitations.

Nothing seems at first sight so easy, yet nothing is in reality so difficult as to represent either the sounds by which our own feelings manifest themselves, or the sounds of nature, such as the notes of birds, the howling of the wind, the falling of a stone, by articulate sounds. From the very beginning the process must have given rise to an infinite variety of imitations, many of which it would be almost impossible to recognize or understand, without traditional or social helps. Even in our times and among civilized nations, with languages fixed by thousands of years of tradition, usage, literature, and grammar, the expressions for the most ordinary feelings vary considerably. The Frenchman, as an observant traveller has remarked, expresses surprise by *Ah!*, the Englishman by *Oh!*, the German by *Ih!* The Frenchman says, *Ah, c'est magnifique*; the Englishman, *Oh, that is capital*; the German, *Ih, das ist prächtig*. Nor do these interjections express exactly the same feeling; they all express surprise, no doubt, but the surprise peculiar to each of these three national characters. The surprise of the Frenchman is simple and open; in saying *Ah!* he is all agape, *il est ébahi*. The surprise of the Englishman is restrained and deep; in saying *Oh!* he swallows half of his admiration. The surprise of the German is high and sharp; in saying *Ih!* he almost chirps with delight.

In Chinese surprise is expressed by *hu* and *fu*, applause by *tsai*, misery by *i*, contempt by *ai*, pain by *uhu*.

\* M. M. Translation of *Rig-Veda*, vol. I. p. 202.



Frequently it is as difficult to define the exact sound as the exact meaning of these interjections, so that in an Italian grammar no less than twenty significations are ascribed to the interjections *ah! ah!* With a little more imagination quite as many and even more meanings might be detected in the English *Ah!*

Some scholars have brought themselves to imagine that there is some hidden connection between the letter N and the concept of negation. Yet, all that we have a right to say is that *No* may express negation, but not, that it must. As a matter of fact, there are languages in which *no* means *yes*.

This uncertainty becomes still more startling when we come to examine the way in which the sounds uttered by animals are imitated in different languages. I shall give a few specimens from Chinese. What would you guess to be the meaning of *kiao kiao*? It is meant for the cry of the cock; *kao kao* stands for the cry of the wild goose; *siao siao* is meant to represent the sound of rain and wind; *lin lin* of rolling carriages; *tsiang tsiang*, of chains; *kan kan*, of drums, and so on.

This subject is in reality endless; and the more we compare the representations of the cries of animals in different languages, the more shall we see that a comparative grammar of them is almost impossible.

I shall give you the imitations which occur in German of the cries of some animals, chiefly birds, but I doubt whether you will easily recognize them.

What is *zir zir*? It is meant for the thrush. What is *quak quak*? The duck, no doubt; but in other places the guttural has been changed into the labial (what scholars call labialism), and the sound uttered by the duck is rendered by *pak pak*. Thus the cry of the owl is represented in German, not only by *uhu, uhu*, but likewise by *schu hu hu hu*, and by *pu pu*; in Latin by *tu tu*, in Greek by *κικκαζών*; thus showing us, first of all, Dentalism, change of initial guttural into dental; then Labialism, change of guttural into labial; then Zetacism and assimilation, change of guttural or dental into sh; lastly, aphæresis of initial guttural, as in *uhu* for *kuhu*!

The frog in German says *quak* and *kik*, in Greek *βρεκεκεζ κούξ κούξ*.

*Pink*, in German, is the note of the finch.

*Ga ga ga*, *Dadado*, *drussla*, *drussla*, is meant for goose; in Chinese, the wild

goose says *kao kao*; in Mongolian, *kór kór*.

The cock in German says *kikeriki*, in Chinese, as we saw, *kiao kiao*, in Mongolian, *dchor dchor*. The German hen, if not otherwise occupied, says *gack gack*; while laying eggs, she says *glu glu glu*; when calling her chicks, *tuck tuck tuck*; and yet, when she is called herself, she is addressed by *putt putt putt*, and her little chicks by *bi bi bi*.

The dog says *wau wau* and *bau bau*, sometimes *hu hu*, and *kliff klaff*. When very angry and growling, he says *r*, which the Romans called the dog letter, the *litera canina*.

I am afraid there is no time for more; but I must just add one more German phonograph, that of the nightingale: It is, *Zücküt, zicküt, zicküt!* *Zidüwik, zidiwik, zidiwik!* *Zifzigo, zifzigo, zifzigo!* *tididon, zi zi!* *Tandaradei!* A great phonetic artist, not satisfied with these popular representations of the note of the nightingale, devoted many days and nights to a careful study of this subject, and the precious result at which he arrived was this:

*Deilidurei faledirannurei lidundei saladaritturei!*

It would be easy to produce similar words from other languages in order to show, first, how difficult and fanciful all imitations of inarticulate by means of articulate sounds must be; secondly, how, after all, every one of those imitations expresses and can express a single impression only. One might imagine the possibility of a language consisting altogether of such imitative sounds. The combination of two such imitative sounds, for instance, as *bow wow*, *pooh!* might form a sentence to convey the meaning that a certain dog was harmless, that he might bark but would not bite; but, as a matter of fact, no tribe even of the lowest savages has yet been discovered employing no more than such utterances.

The problem, therefore, which we have to solve, is this — How, if we start with such interjections and imitations, can we ever arrive at the real elements of language, the residue of all scientific analysis — I mean the *Roots*. If we can account for this transition of interjections and imitations into roots, we have done all that the most exacting sceptic can demand. Analysis of all given language leads us back to roots; experience gives us interjections and imitations as the only conceivable beginning of human utter-

ance. If the two can be united, the problem is solved.

Let us go back once more to the first beginning of conceptual knowledge, for it is here, if anywhere, that the key must be found. The simplest concept is the dual, when we count two things as one. This dual concept can be formed in two ways, either by combination or by abstraction.

If we have a word for *father* and a word for *mother*, then in order to express the concept of *parents*, we may combine the two. Thus, we actually find in Sanskrit, *pitar*, father, *mātar*, mother *mātāpitarau*, mother and father, i.e. parents. The same in Chinese.\* Father is *fü*, mother *mü*; *fü-mü*, parents. Again, a biped with feathers is '*kin*' in Chinese; a quadruped with hair is *shen*; animals in general are called '*kin-shen*'. Light is '*king*', heavy *cung*; '*king-cung*' is used to express the concept of weight.

It is clear, however, that this process of combining single words could not be carried on *ad infinitum*: otherwise life might become too short for finishing one single sentence. We may call our parents father and mother, *fü-mü*, but how should we call our family?

Here the faculty of abstraction comes to our help. A very simple case will show us how the work of thought and speech could be abbreviated. As long as people talk of sheep as sheep, and of cows as cows, they might very well indicate the former by *baa*, the latter by *moo*. But when, for the first time a want was felt of speaking of a flock, neither *baa* nor *moo* would do. As long as there were only sheep and cows, a combination of *baa* and *moo* might have answered, but when more animals were included, their separate sounds were those most to be avoided, because they would have conveyed a meaning which was not intended.

So, again, it was easy enough to imitate the cries of the cuckoo and the cock, and the sounds *cuckoo* and *cock* might be used as the phonetic signs of these two birds. But if a phonetic sign was required for the singing of more birds, or it may be, of all possible birds, every imitation of a special note became not only useless, but dangerous; and nothing but a compromise, nothing but a siling down of the sharp corners of those imitative sounds, would answer the new purpose.

This phonetic process of what I call the *Friction* or *Despecialization* of imitative sounds runs exactly parallel with the

process of the generalization of our impressions, and through this process alone are we able to understand how, after a long struggle, the uncertain phonetic imitations of special impressions became the definite phonetic representations of general concepts.

Thus, there must have been many imitations of the falling of stones, trees, leaves, rivers, rain, and hail, but in the end they were all combined in the simple root PAT, expressive of quick movement, whether in falling, flying, or running. By giving up all that could remind the hearer of any special sound of rushing objects, the root PAT became fitted as the sign of the general concept of quick movement, and from this concept and this root sprang afterwards a number of words in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and other Aryan languages. In Sanskrit we find *patati*, he flies, he soars, he falls; *patas*, flight; *pataga-s*, and *patanga-s*, a bird, also a grasshopper; *patatra-m*, a wing; *patāka-s*, a flag; *patra-m*, a wing, a leaf of a flower, a leaf of paper, a letter; *patrin*, a bird; *pāta-s*, falling, happening, accident, also fall, in the sense of sin, in which sense *pātaka-m* is more frequently used; possibly even *pātāla*, the Indian name for hell.

In Greek we find *πέτομαι*, I fly; *πετνός*, winged; *ὑπετέτης*, quickly flying or running; *ποτή*, flight; *περών* and *πτέρυξ*, feather, wing, instead of *πε(ε)τέρον*, *πε(ε)τέρυξ*; also *ποταμός*, river. Again *πίπτω*, I fall, instead of *πιπ(ε)τω*; *πότμος*, fall, accident, fate; *πτῶσις*, fall, case, used first in a philosophical, then in a grammatical sense. In Latin we find from the same root, *peto*, to fall on, to assail; to make for, to seek, to demand, with its many derivative applications; *im-petus*, onslaught; *præpes*, quickly flying; also *penna*, feather, the old *pesna*, for *pet-na*.

The number of words derived from this root in modern languages seems endless. In English alone we have *petition*, *petulance*, *appetite*, *competition*, *repetition*; then *pen*, *pinnacle*, *feather*, and many more, all to be traced back, step by step, and letter by letter, to the old root PAT, and to no other root, nor to any of the imitative sounds of falling, out of which PAT was selected, or out of which PAT by a higher degree of fitness struggled into life and fixity.

In one of my Lectures on the Science of Language, I examined in full detail the immense progeny of the root, MAR, to grind, to break. This root itself must be looked upon as tuned down from innumerable imitations of the sounds of

\* Endlicher, *Chinesische Grammatik*, p. 133.

breaking, crushing, crunching, crashing, smashing, mashing, cracking, creaking, rattling and clattering, mawling and maring, till at last, after removing all that seemed too special, there remained the smooth and manageable Aryan root of MAR.

If we once clearly understand this natural, nay this necessary process of the mutual friction of imitative sounds, representing outwardly the process of generalization of single intuitions and the origin of abstract concepts, we are prepared to find what we actually do find in the further development of roots. Some roots, being useful for special purposes, retained something of their sharper outline, and became popular on that very account; while others that had reached the highest point of generalization, and were therefore used most frequently, supplanted parallel roots of a more special meaning.

Again, in this struggle for generalization, many roots must have crossed each other, and the *summu* genus of going, moving, doing, sounding, must have been reached again and again from very different starting-points.

From this point of view nothing is easier to understand than that, though beginning with the same materials, families, villages, tribes and races, would, after a very short separation, if it took place during the Radical period, have become of necessity mutually unintelligible. Not only different dialects, and different languages, but different families of language with different roots for their supply, could thus have sprung from one common source; and to deny the possibility of a common origin of the Aryan and Semitic families of speech, from this point of view, would be simply absurd.

Another question which has frequently been asked, viz. whether what are commonly called secondary and tertiary roots were derived from primary roots, or whether they are remnants of earlier stages in the development of language, does not admit of an equally conclusive answer. If we meet with three such roots as *sar*, to go; *sarp*, to creep; *sarg*, to let go, we have a right to look upon the additional letters *p* and *g* as modificatory elements, and upon the roots formed by them, as derived and secondary. This is particularly the case when these additional letters are used systematically, as, for instance, in forming causative, desiderative, inchoative, and intensive roots.

But there are other cases where we must admit parallel roots, representing to

us independent attempts of fixing general concepts. If one root was possible, so were others, similar in sound and meaning, varieties, not by genealogical succession, but by collateral development,—a process which has of late been far too much neglected, not only in the Science of Language, but in many other branches of Natural Science.

After what I have now explained, it will, I hope, have become clear to those who may have listened here to my Lectures on the Science of Language, that what I formerly called *Roots*, or *Phonetic Types*, are indeed the ultimate facts in the analysis of language, but that, from a higher and philosophical point of view, they admit of a perfectly intelligible explanation. They represent the *nuclei* formed in the chaos of interjectional or imitative sounds; the fixed centres which become settled in the *vortex* of natural selection. The scholar begins and ends with these phonetic types; or, if he ignores them, and traces words back to the cries of animals, or the interjections of men, he does so at his own peril. The philosopher goes beyond, and he discovers in the line which separates rational from emotional language,—conceptual from intuitional knowledge,—he discovers in the roots of all languages, the true barrier between Man and Beast. I do not ask, like others, for a persuasive appeal from the throat of a nightingale, or for a gruff remonstrance from a gorilla, before I admit that they may be among the ancestors of the human race. I do not wait even, like Professor Schleicher, till I hear a pig say, "I am a pig," before I grant that the same blood may run through his veins and our own, and—what is far more important—that his thoughts, may run through the same conceptual channels as our own. Show me only one single root in the language of animals, such as AK, to be sharp and quick; and from it two such derivatives as *asva*, the quick one—the horse—and *acutus*, sharp or quick witted; nay, show me one animal that has the power of forming roots, that can put one and one together, and realize the simplest dual concept; show me one animal that can think and say *Two*, and I should say that, as far as language is concerned, we cannot oppose Mr. Darwin's argument, and that man has, or at least may have been, developed from some lower animal. I do not deny that there is some force in Mr. Darwin's remark, that both man and monkey are born without language; but I consider

that the real problem which this remark places before us is to find out why a man always learns to speak, a monkey never. If, instead of this, we say that, under favourable circumstances, an unknown kind of monkey may have learnt to speak, and thus, through his descendants, have become what he is now, viz. man, we deal in fairy-stories, but not in scientific research. Mr. Darwin says, "Language is certainly not a true instinct, as every language has to be learnt." Yes, every language has to be learnt, but language itself, never. It matters little whether we call language in this sense an instinct, a gift, a talent, or the *proprium* of the species Man. Certain it is, that neither the power of language, nor the conditions under which alone language can exist, are to be discovered in any of the lower animals.

There is one class of philosophers who, in the interest, as they believe, of freedom of inquiry, lay great stress on admitting, if not the reality, at least the possibility or conceivableness of the development of man from a lower animal. What is conceivable, depends, however, quite as much on the conceiver as on the conceived. Nor do I see what, in our case, we should gain by saying, that the transition of a lower animal into man is conceivable, considering that the very opposite, too, viz., the non-transition of any lower animal into man is equally conceivable, and, in addition to this, at least as far as our experience goes, is real. Surely there is something in this word *real*; there is some weight to be attached in every argument to experience, as far as it goes. There are hundreds and thousands of things in nature where we see no reason why they should be what they are, and where we may easily imagine that they might be different from what they are. Why should not trees grow into the sky? why should not birds fly up to the moon? To say that they would die, is saying nothing, at least as far as evolutionist philosophers are concerned; for why should they alone not possess the power of adapting themselves to new environments?

But what should we gain by saying that all such things are conceivable? Would it not be far more useful to try to discover why there are such hard and fast lines in nature; why certain creatures never pass certain limits: why man, for instance, was enabled, or if you like, prompted and tempted, to generalize, to form a world of concepts or roots; to

derive from these roots, names of new concepts, to elaborate, in fact, language, and then to make language the foundation of a culture, which, marvellous as it is in our century, is probably the seed only for a future growth, while no animal ever made even the first step in this direction?

To admit everything as possible, may be very excellent in theory, and, as logicians, we no doubt all admit that the sun may to-morrow rise in the west. But I doubt whether that neutral state of mind is the best adapted for real work, and for the advancement of real knowledge. The chemist who, for the time being, denies the possibility, or at least, the admissibility of a decomposition of what he calls elementary substances, and who declares a change of lifeless into living matter as inadmissible, is much more likely to cross the frontier, if it can be crossed, than he who from the beginning looks upon all these distinctions as mere vanishing lines.

If we do not simply play with words, if we take *conceivable* in that sense which it has among professional students, viz., something which is in accordance with known facts, then we ought not to say that the elaboration of language by any animal is conceivable; but, on the contrary, it becomes our duty to warn the valiant disciples of Mr. Darwin that before they can claim a real victory, before they can call man the descendant of a mute animal, they must lay a regular siege to a fortress which is not to be frightened into submission by a few random shots; the fortress of language, which, as yet, stands untaken and unshaken on the very frontier between the animal kingdom and man.

I trust that, in the course of these Lectures, when arguing against the conclusions of the Darwinian school, I have never shown any want of respect for Mr. Darwin. The result at which I have arrived by a life-long study of language and thought are incompatible with the results to which a minute study of the human body has led Mr. Darwin. One of us must be wrong, and it therefore seems to me mere cowardice to shrink from an open combat. It is true "that Mr. Darwin has not paid special attention to the problem of language and thought, and that all he says about it may be contained in some six or eight largely-printed small octave pages." But I submit that six or eight pages from Mr. Darwin may have more weight than a volume from many other writers. Any-

how, if Mr. Darwin is right, then language is not what I hold it to be; it is not the embodiment of conceptual thought, it is not developed from roots, it is not based on concepts. If, on the contrary, language is what I hold it to be, then man cannot be the descendant of some lower animal, because no animal except man possesses the faculty, or the faintest germs of the faculty, of abstracting and generalizing, and therefore no animal except man could ever have developed what we mean by language.

Gentlemen, it matters very little who is right and who is wrong, but it matters a great deal what is right and what is wrong. By no one should I more gladly confess myself vanquished than by Mr. Darwin. I feel for him the most sincere admiration; nay, I have never concealed my strong sympathy with the general tendency of his speculations. His power of persuasion, no doubt, is great, but equally great is his honest love of truth; and when I find him again and again admitting that no intermediate links between the highest apes and man have yet been discovered, that the gap between ape and man, small as it is, can be filled with imaginary animals only, I ask myself how it is possible, in the absence of all tangible evidence, that our matter-of-fact philosophers should have listened to such arguments. Unless there were, in fact, some important germs of truth in his philosophy, I cannot think that Mr. Darwin could ever have carried us along with him so powerfully and almost irresistibly.

If Mr. Darwin were more anxious for victory than for truth, I have no doubt that he would have handled the argument of language, too, in a very different spirit. He feels the difficulty of language, he fully admits it; but not seeing how much is presupposed by language—looking upon language as a means for the communication rather than for the formation of thought, he thinks it might be in man a development of germs that may be discovered in animals.

Now a clever pleader—of whom we have too many, even in the courts of science—might say, "Why, does not the very theory you have propounded of the origin of roots prove that Mr. Darwin is right? Have you not shown that animals possess the materials of language in interjections; that they imitate the cries of other animals; that they communicate with each other, and give warning by shrill cries; that they know their own

names, and understand the commands of their masters? Have you not 'blessed us altogether,' by showing how interjections and imitations can be filed down, lose their sharp corners, become general—become, in fact, roots? Surely, after this, Mr. Darwin will be justified more than ever in saying that the language of man is the result of mere development, and that there must have been one or several generations of men who had not yet generalized their intuitions, and not yet filed down the sharp corners of their interjections."

I have no doubt that such pleading would seem plausible, in many a court, nay, to judge from the remarks that have been addressed to me both by word of mouth and by letter, I should not be surprised if several members of the jury I am now addressing were to lean to the side of the animals. Some young ladies have assured me that, if I only knew their dog, I should have spoken very differently; that no one who has not been loved by a dog can know what true love and faithfulness are. Some elderly ladies have told me that I knew nothing about cats, and that their cats possess quite as much cleverness, quite as much intellect—as they themselves. The very statement with which I concluded, and by which I wished to bring the whole question into the narrowest compass, when I said that no animal could form the lowest generalization, could count two, or think and say Two, has been met by the pigeons at Venice. They, at all events, I was told, can count two; for every day, as soon as the clock of St. Mark's strikes two, neither sooner nor later, they assemble from all parts of Venice to be fed on the piazza. Surely, therefore, they can count two. This seemed indeed unanswerable. But fortunately my informant went on to say that the other clocks of Venice strike two first, and the pigeons pay no attention, but when St. Mark's strikes, they all come. What does that prove? It proves that they do not count two, but that their hungry stomach strikes two, and that it is the peculiar sound of the St. Mark's clock, even were it to strike twelve, that brings them together to their dinner.

Our own clock reminds me that it is time to finish. It was not easy to say all I wanted to say in the course of three Lectures, and I am deeply conscious that some of the points on which I touched but lightly ought to have been treated far



more fully. I hope to do this on a future occasion, after I have had time to examine carefully the objections which these Lectures have elicited, and may still elicit. But I trust I have said enough to show you the Science of Language in a new light; and to make you see its paramount importance for a truly scientific study of Psychology, and for the solution of problems which hang like storm-clouds over our heads, and make our very soul to quiver.

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From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

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"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MINSTER AND THE VILLA.

"I MUST take you to see the Minster, Innocent," said Miss Vane. "You cannot be in this part of the world without seeing the Minster. You will be quite happy in it, you who are so fond of church. Put on your hat and your cloak, and be ready when the carriage comes round. I have got a number of visits to make and things to do; but as I know you can make yourself happy in the Minster while I am busy, I will take you with me. Have you ever seen any of our great Gothic cathedrals? Then you will be perfectly happy, child; you will feel this day an era in your life."

Little thought Lætitia Vane what she was saying. The unconscious prophecy came lightly from her lips, and was received by Innocent with a smile. She was not excited by the prospect of seeing the Minster, but she was pleased to go, to do what she was told, to be with the kind but arbitrary mistress, who had brought harmony into her life. She put on her hat, smiling, looking at herself in the glass, which was not very usual with her. She had gained some colour on her pale cheeks, her eyes were brighter, her whole aspect more life-like. It was a fresh October morning, warm in the sunshine, though a sharp little chill of autumn wind met them occasionally at a corner, promising a cold evening.

"We must take care not to be late coming back," said Miss Vane, throwing an additional shawl upon Innocent's lap before she got into the little carriage, and

took the reins. Miss Vane herself wore no conventual costume; she had not abandoned the pleasant things of this life. She wore rich silks, moaning over her own imperfection, which never could attain to the virtue of serge, and was fond of her pretty ponies and her pleasant little carriage. They had a cheerful drive into Sterborne, Miss Vane pointing out everything on the way, and naming every house they passed, Innocent paying little attention, yet listening to all that was said to her, and enjoying in her passive way the air, the sunshine, the rapid movement. Things no longer seemed to rush past her, moved by some dreadful whirl of their own, but it was she who was in motion, lightly, cheerfully—the centre, not a passive object in the scene. This, which she could not have explained for her life, but which she felt vaguely yet strongly, made the greatest difference to Innocent. She was more alive than she had ever been before in her life.

Miss Vane took her over the Minster, rapidly pointing out all the chief wonders; and then left her, seated within sight of the high altar, to enjoy what everybody at the High Lodge supposed to be meditation of the devoutest kind.

"You will be quite happy here," Miss Vane said, kissing her softly, and feeling, with warm compunctions for her own worldliness, how superior was her young relation. She stopped at the door, ere she went about her many businesses, to point out Innocent to the chief verger, and commend her to his care. "I will come back in about an hour and a half," she said. Thus Innocent was left alone.

I do not think she had ever been left entirely alone before, save on the one occasion of her visit to the Methodist chapel, since she had been under her aunt's care, and the sensation was sweet to her,—quite alone, silent, no one interfering with her, free to do as she would, to be still, without speaking, without feeling, without thinking. The solemn nave of the Minster, the lovely, lessening arches of the apse, the silvery glow of the painted glass in the windows, made no special impression upon her for themselves. As she sat silent they mingled in a confused but grateful calm with the little church of the Spina—the lingering memories of her past life. Subdued steps came and went about her as in the other little sanctuary by the Arno; the light was subdued as by the influence of the place; no sound above a whisper was audible; gliding figures appeared in the distance, into which

she gazed, not, indeed, coming there to pray, as in Santa Maria, but yet moving softly, with a certain reverence. No gleaming tapers on the altar, no chanting priest interposed to furnish a background for her dreams; but Innocent scarcely felt the want. She said her prayers, kneeling down, all unconscious of observation, on the stone pavement. She sat down again in a hush of soft and peaceful feeling—to dream? No, nor even to think. The mind of this poor little Innocent had no need for any exercise; she rested, before the fiery coming of her fate.

It was not till the verger, much bewildered by a stillness of attitude to which he was quite unused, came to ask whether the young lady would like to see the chapter-house, or the crypt, or any of the special sights of the Minster, that the girl was roused. She rose then, always acquiescent, smiling upon the old man. But as she turned round, Innocent's eye caught a figure much more interesting to her than the verger's. It was Frederick, who turned round at the same moment, and came forward to her, holding out both his hands. "Ah, Innocent, at last!" he cried. There was real pleasure in his face.

"Miss Vane has left me here to wait for her," said Innocent, "but, oh, I am so glad to see you!" It seemed to her that she had found him again—that all the intermediate time had glided away, that she was in the church of the Spina, and he, her new-discovered only guardian, and protector again.

"I am glad that you are glad," said Frederick. "I thought you might have forgotten all about us among the Vanes. How is it that they neglect you like this? I suppose you are the poor relation there, Innocent, eh? You never were so at the Elms."

"I do not know what you mean," said Innocent; but she put her hand within his arm, with her old use and wont, looking up at him brightly with her soft smile. The verger looking on, felt that, perhaps, it was his duty to interfere, but had not the heart to do it.

"You'll find me in the porch, Miss, if you want me," he said. If the young lady had met with some one as she liked better than them Papistical nunnery-folks at the High Lodge, was it his business? He went away heavily, dragging his feet upon the pavement, as ecclesiastical attendants for ages and ages have dragged them, with stooped shoulders and shuf-

fling gait; and the two, whom he thought lovers, were left alone.

They were not lovers, far from that; but Innocent clung to the arm of the first man whom she had ever identified and felt any warm personal regard for, and Frederick looked down upon her with a complacency which half arose from a vain belief that she loved him, and partly from a real kindness for his little cousin, and partly from a sensation of thankfulness to have some one belonging to him to look at and speak to—some one not of the terrible Batty tribe, to which he was bound until Monday morning. This was Saturday, and he had been imperatively summoned to visit his wife, who was still ill. He could not get back until Monday morning, and the thought that this terrible moment of duty might be softened by the presence of Innocent, who adored him, was sweet. He told her that Amanda was ill in bed, not able to come out with him, or to be his companion. "I cannot spend my whole time with her," said Frederick, "and her father is more odious than I can tell you. You must come to see her; you must stay with me, Innocent, till I go back."

"If Miss Vane will let me," said Innocent, brightly.

"You would like it? You were always a dear girl. When I take you home with me, Innocent," said Frederick, solemnly, "you will learn a lesson, which I have learnt too late, that it is a fatal thing to connect one's self with people of a different class from one's own, who cannot understand one, whose life is a contradiction to all one feels and wishes. I don't speak, of course, of my wife, that is my own affair; whatever I may have to put up with I say nothing on that score to any one. But, Innocent, a man of honour has many things to bear which women never know."

These fine sentiments were wasted upon Innocent, who looked up at him wondering, and received what he said docilely, but made no attempt to understand. I don't know why Frederick, knowing her well enough to be aware of this, should have thought it necessary to make so solemn a statement. He did it, perhaps, from the habit he had acquired of posing as a victim to honour. He led her about the Minster, and showed her many things which Innocent looked at with her usual docility, pleased to be with him, if not much excited by anything else. She had been happy at the High Lodge, but after all Frederick was

her first friend, her discovery, and to be thus alone with him, cared for by him, no one else interfering, carried her back to the first startled awakening of her torpid youth. He was always kind to her when she was thus thrown upon his care, and Innocent was happy, with her hand clinging to his arm. When Miss Vane came to recall her to the present, she looked with perhaps a warmer personal wish than had ever been seen in her eyes before at her temporary guardian, pleading for the granting of the request which Frederick made, with his very finest Charles I. look, and melancholy gentlemanlike grace. Miss Vane, a busy woman, had partially forgotten her brother's warning about Mrs. Frederick. She knew the young man before her had made a foolish marriage, but still he was an Eastwood, of prepossessing appearance, and a compunction crossed her mind as to her want of civility in not "calling on" the daughter-in-law of Innocent's good aunt. A woman takes rank from her husband, not from her father, Miss Vane reflected, and if this poor fellow had found out, as might be guessed from his resigned manner, that he had made a terrible mistake, it was only right that a connection should stand by him as far as was practicable. After a few difficulties, therefore, as to Innocent's dress, &c., she consented, promising to send the gardener with her bag, and to drive in for her on Monday morning, "when I will take the opportunity of leaving a card for Mrs. Eastwood. I am sorry to hear she is so poorly," said Miss Vane, in her most gracious manner. Innocent could scarcely believe it when she saw her energetic relation drive away, and found herself left in Frederick's charge. "I am to stay, then?" she said, with a smile which lighted up her whole face; then added, with a faint shadow stealing over it, "but with you, Frederick? I do not like — your wife —"

"You shall be with me," said Frederick, "but, Innocent, you must not say such things. It is imprudent — you might be misunderstood. I know very well what you mean, and that, of course, it is impossible you should feel towards poor Amanda as you do to me; but you must not forget what I have told you so often, that a woman's best policy is always to make friends with her own sex. You are coming now, you understand, to visit my wife, who is far from well; but I shall take care to have you a great deal with me."

Innocent's enjoyment was a little damped by this long speech, but as she was still walking with Frederick, and had, as yet, no drawback to the pleasant sensation of being with him, the shadow flitted rapidly from her face. He took her all over the village, showing her everything that was to be seen, before he turned his step towards the villa, where Amanda, fretful and peevish, awaited him, longing for news, for change, for something to amuse her. Frederick cared very little for the fact that his once worshipped beauty was now waiting for him. His little cousin, with her dreamy delight in his society, her refined and gradually developing beauty, and the strange attraction of her visionary abstractiveness from the common world, was very amusing and pleasant to him. The mere fact of not seeing her every day, as he had been in the habit of doing, had made him perceive Innocent's beauty, and a mingled feeling, half wholly good, half dubious in character, inclined him towards the girl who clung to him. She was very pretty, and "very fond of him," which pleased his vanity highly, and made him feel vaguely self-complacent and on good terms with himself in her company; and by the side of this doubtful and not very improving sensation, the man, who was not wholly bad, had actually a little wholesome brotherly, protecting affection for the child who had clung to him from the first moment of seeing him. Thus they wandered through the village, round and round the Minster, looking at everything and at nothing till the October afternoon began to cloud over. "Now you must come and see Amanda," said Frederick, with a sigh. Innocent sighed too. It seemed to her very hard that there was this inevitable "Frederick's wife" to be always the shadow to the picture, to take him away from his family, to separate him from herself, to worry and vex him whatever he was doing. Innocent hesitated at the corner of the street.

"Are you sure I should go?" she said. "She will scold me. She will not be kind like Cousin Lætitia or you. She does not like me, and I do not like her. Shall I go back now? I have had all I wanted, Frederick; I have seen you."

"That would never do," said Frederick. "If it were known that you had met me in the Minster and walked about so long with me, and then returned without seeing my wife, people would talk — unpleasant things would be said."

"What could be said?" asked Innocent.

"Upon my life, one doesn't know whether to laugh at you or be angry," cried Frederick, impatient. "Will you never understand? But come along, it is no use wasting words. Don't you see you must come now?"

"I do not want to come. She will scold me," said Innocent, standing firm, with a cloud upon her face. It was the first time she had openly resisted him or any one. Poor child, was it some angel who stayed her feet? She felt ready to cry, which was an unusual thing with her, and with a frightened instinctive recoil, stood still, refusing to go on.

Poor Innocent! Safety and shelter, and the life of order and peace which suited her half-developed faculties lay calm and sunshiny on one side. On the other was conflict, confused darkness and misery, pain and shame, gathering in heavy clouds to swallow her up. For one moment it hung on the balance which her fate was to be; terrible moment which we, none of us, divine, during which we have to exercise that great and awful choice which is the privilege of humanity, in blindness and unconsciousness, ignorant of the issues, stupid to the importance of the decision. This was decided, however, not by Innocent. Impatient Frederick seized her hand, and drew it through his arm.

"This is folly," he cried. "What you, Innocent! you be such a little traitor and resist me and get me into trouble? No, no, come along. This is out of the question now."

Next moment he had knocked at his father-in-law's door.

The villa looked very much as it had done the day that Frederick first made his appearance there. The sun was still shining by intervals, but glimmers of firelight came from the window, and the garden behind was spare of flowers. Mr. Batty met them as they came in, and stared hard at the girl whom Frederick led by the hand into the narrow light passage which traversed the house from the street to the garden door. "This is my cousin, sir, Miss Innocent Vane," said Frederick. "I have brought her to see Amanda. She is on a visit at the High Lodge, as you may have heard."

"Oh, yes, I've heard," said Batty, "and I think it's time she should turn up, the only one of your family as has ever come near my girl. You're welcome, my dear, better late than never; though I think,

considering how kind the Eastwoods have been to you, that you might have come a little sooner to show Mrs. Frederick some respect."

Innocent listened, wondering, to this address, gazing at the man whom she had a confused recollection of having seen before. All that she comprehended now was, more or less, that he was scolding her, though about what she could not tell. He was a kind of man totally unknown to Innocent—his thick figure, his coarse air, his loud voice, and red hands, surprised, without so much revolting her, as they might have done had her organization been more perfect. She was frightened, but made an effort of politeness to conceal it.

"Is she better?" she asked, not knowing what to say.

"You'll see what she'll say to you when she sees you," said Batty to Frederick with a chuckle, "and I don't blame her, poor girl. If this is what you call visiting your wife when she's poorly, things have changed since my day. It's close on five, and nearly time for dinner, and you've been out since the moment you swallowed your lunch."

"I have been with my little cousin here, and Miss Vane, of the High Lodge, who is coming to call on Amanda on Monday," said Frederick. "In the meantime I took the liberty of inviting my cousin to stay with my wife for a couple of nights. I hope it is practicable——"

"Oh, practicable enough," said Batty, with a laugh. "I'm not one of those as leaves themselves without a room to give to a friend. Plenty of accommodation here for as many as you like to bring—and the more the merrier, if they're the right sort. Glad to see you, Miss Innocent. Training up for your trade, eh?—at that old nunnery out there. Lord, to see that old Lady Abbess in my house will be a sight! 'Manda will tackle her, I'll be bound. Walk up, walk upstairs, Eastwood will show you the way; and he's sure of a warm welcome, he is. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Batty stood in the passage holding his sides, while Frederick, with disgust on every line of his fine features, strode upstairs. Innocent followed her cousin wondering. What the man meant, whether he was merry, or angry, or simply the most disagreeable strange man she had ever seen, she could not make out. She remembered vaguely what Frederick had told her so lately—what she had heard repeated on all sides at

the Elms — that Frederick's wife was of "another class." And the stairs were narrow, the passage contracted, the maid who opened the door not like the maids at the Elms; and Batty's dress and appearance, and manner of speech very different from anything Innocent had ever known before. This was what it meant, then, to be of "another class." Thus she followed with some new speculations rising in her passive brain, into the presence of Frederick's wife.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## THE MOMENT OF FATE.

FREDERICK led Innocent to the door of a bedroom which opened from a little gallery upstairs. He paused there before he opened it.

"If we find Amanda in an excitable state, you must not mind it," he said; "you must not be frightened. Forgive her because she is ill. It is her way——"

With these words of warning he opened the door. It was a pretty room enough — meant to be luxurious — in a somewhat tawdry style of decoration, yet tolerable, in so far that its rose-coloured hangings and heavy fringes were fresh at least, and in good order. Amanda was in bed, with a blue dressing-gown over her shoulders, and her elaborately-dressed hair adorned with a small lace cap. Nothing could be gayer than the composition of colour, her own rose-cheeks and golden hair, the bright blue garment in which she was clothed, and the blue ribbon in her little cap, all relieved against the rose-coloured hangings. A perfect Watteau, some one had told her, this composition made, and though she did not know what a Watteau was, she felt it must be something fine, and kept up the successful combination. Her cheeks were not pale, but flushed with anger, impatience, and excitement. She burst forth almost before Frederick had come into the room.

"This is how you visit your wife, is it, Mr. Frederick Eastwood? — Three mortal hours have I been left alone without a creature to speak to but Aunt. How dare you face me after that? how dare you? I have a hundred minds never to speak to you again ——"

"That would be to punish yourself more than me, my dear," said Frederick, with the conventional speech of the injured husband.

She looked at his careless smile, and her fury increased.

"I should like to throw something at you," she cried. "You cold, wicked, careless, unprincipled wretch! Was it for this you married me, and pretended to be fond of me? Was it for this you took me from my father, who was always so kind? Was it for this ——?"

"Of course it was for all that," said Frederick, advancing to the bedside. "We have gone through the list before. Amanda, try to keep your temper; it will be the best thing for you. Here is Innocent, whom I found in the Minster, and who has come to pay you a visit. Miss Vane is coming on Monday to fetch her; and if you play your cards well——"

Amanda interrupted him by a shrill laugh.

"Oh, so here is Innocent! and the old nun is coming? — a great deal I care! This is how you try to hoodwink me. Innocent, come here! How long has he been walking about with you, talking, and holding your hand, and turning your head, you little fool? You think he cares? He cares as much for you as he does for me: he cares for no one but himself. Oh, go away, or I shall throw something at you! Go away, or ——"

She had put out her hand to clutch at a glass which stood by her on a little table.

"Go! Go!" cried some one from behind the curtain.

Frederick made a rapid step to the door; but before he had reached it, his wife's mood changed.

"Oh, *you* tell him to go, do you?" she cried. "Then I tell him to stay. Come here, Innocent; you shall stay and nurse me; I know you'll like it; and Fred, turn that woman out — turn her off, turn her out of doors. She has been my plague ever since I can recollect. Oh, you thought you would keep me all to yourself, did you, and get the better of me? but I haven't got a husband for nothing. Fred, turn her out of doors."

Frederick opened the door with servile haste. He dragged the poor Aunt, the *souffre-douleur* of the household, out by the sleeve, escaping himself along with her. Amanda leant back upon her pillow laying her hand upon her breast.

"How hot it is," she said, panting. "Open the window — take this fan and fan me; can't you make yourself useful? Oh, you are well named; you are a true Innocent! If you will tell me all that he was saying to you, I will forgive you. Tell me what he said."

"He told me that I was to come and see you; that I was not to be frightened,"



said the girl, who was trembling, yet not confused by mental dread, as she had sometimes felt on less occasion.

"And are you frightened?"

"N—no." She spoke with a little hesitation, but still succeeded in making this answer. She did not shrink from Amanda's blazing red-hazel eyes. The excited creature somehow did not alarm her. She had done all that Amanda had told her with the happy habit of instant obedience, which she had learned at the High Lodge, and kept fanning her, according to her orders, as she spoke.

"You are very odd," said Amanda, whose passion was over. "But you know how to fan one; not like that woman who saws the air like a windmill. You may take off your hat and sit down by me. I have a hasty temper. I sometimes say things and do things I am sorry for; but I'm very goodhearted. There, sit down, and let us have a talk. Weren't you glad to get off? Don't you hate that old cat, with her sermons and her prayers? So she is coming to call?—what an honour, to be sure, for me! But I think the Eastwoods can hold up their heads as high as the Vanes any day—and she's nothing but an interloper. Why John Vane's father bought that house," said Amanda; "it is no more an old family place than this. I am glad you are going to stay. If you are a good girl I will try what I can do for you, and make a friend of you. I never could make a friend of that little stuck-up Nelly. What airs she does give herself to be sure! and not so much to be proud of. Why that wretched little Molyneux that she thinks such great things is no better than a shopkeeper's grandson. I know the Judge's father was a jeweller in Brook Street; and there is nothing so very grand in having a Judge in the family, unless you are going to be tried for your life, and wanted him to get you off——"

"Can judges get people off?" said Innocent. Heaven knows why she asked such a question! It was an echo rather of her companion's last words than said by any free-will of her own. But Frederick heard it as he came in, and so did poor Aunt, who stood outside trembling at the door.

"Of course they can, you little stupid. It is all they are good for," said Amanda, benignantly. "Oh, you may come in. I am such a soft-hearted ninny, I always forgive people when my passion is over. And none of you ought to cross me; you know you oughtn't. Some of these days,

if you don't mind, just to punish you I shall die——"

She laughed and laid her head back upon the pillow, with her blue ribbons and blue gown thrown sharply out by the rose-coloured bed. She was amused by her own threat. But passion and self-indulgence had made great havoc in the undisciplined creature, and to a serious looker-on that menace would have seemed not so unlikely as Amanda thought, to come to reality. Her breath came quick and with difficulty, heaving her breast at every respiration. A high hectic colour was on her cheek, and the cheekbones themselves which bore these dangerous roses were sharpened by the wasting processes of continual excitement. Innocent stood all this time by the bed, fanning her slowly and steadily. She was getting tired, but did not think of stopping till she was told. Her visionary looks, and the mechanical occupation which was so much more natural to her than anything of a visionary character, contrasted strangely, as she stood thus docile, always passive, by that bed. I suppose she would literally have gone on forever, like an Eastern slave, had no one interposed.

This steady service pleased Amanda hugely. She took full advantage of it, keeping the girl employed until her very arm was drooping with the fatigue of the monotonous motion; and she was so generous as to allow Frederick to sit down and tell her "the news." Frederick had brought down, as in duty bound, a few scandalous anecdotes from the fountain-head of gossip—anecdotes circumstantialized by date and name, but probably as false as was the taste that desired them. He made indeed a few demurs at repeating these wonderful pieces of history before Innocent, which were speedily silenced by his wife.

"Innocent is paying no attention. She never listens to what any one says," cried Amanda, "and besides no one thinks of that sort of old-fashioned nonsense nowadays. Go on——"

In this edifying way the time was spent till dinner. Amanda declared that she never felt better, that she would certainly get up next day. "And I'll go to Church at the Minster if there is a good anthem," she said, "and you shall give me your arm, Fred, and everybody will think us a model couple." This last outburst of amiability was called forth by a delightful piece of scandal which Frederick vouched for as authentic, but to which Innocent, as Amanda said, paid very little attention.

She listened yet did not listen, half pleased that Frederick seemed pleased, half wondering, by an instinct which was more penetrating than reason, that he should be satisfied, and should take so much trouble to keep Amanda in good temper. Innocent was not observant, she was not conscious of any faculty of criticism in her own undeveloped mind; she made no voluntary contrast between Frederick in this fretful sick chamber trying to please, and Frederick at home contemptuously indifferent to what any one did or said. Only a little vague wonder at him rose in her mind; her sense of Mrs. Frederick's imperfections was not more distinct than the mere feeling of personal dislike—dislike which was not softened by this sight of her, or by the exacting and selfish demands she made upon everybody. Innocent was born to obey. She did what Miss Vane had told her with the most unquestioning readiness, and with the consent of her whole being; and she did also whatever Mrs. Frederick told her, but with a very different feeling.

Mrs. Frederick consented that her husband and Innocent should leave her to go to dinner, with reluctance, but she did consent. Before the meal was over, however, they heard loud and repeated knockings on the floor above, signals of her impatience. Frederick was in a state of unusual exhilaration, perhaps excited by finding the weary evening pass less disagreeably than he thought—for Innocent, passive as she was, was yet a shield between him and his coarse father-in-law; and even Amanda's knocking, as he was out of her reach, did not disturb him.

"Come round the garden with me while I smoke my cigar," he said, "and then you can go to her."

The evening was soft and warm and mellow, with a large full October moon less white than usual, throwing broad beams of the palest gold over the dark garden. Batty watched them go out with doubtful eyes, unable quite to keep himself from vulgar interpretations of Innocent's submission to her cousin, yet confident in the power of "my girl" to retain her husband's devotion, and caring very little about the other. Besides he was flattered in spite of himself that Innocent should be there under his roof. Two great families, the one more "stuck up" than the other, seemed thus to be holding out an olive branch to him, and already Batty felt himself mounting the steps of social grandeur. He sat over

his port, meditating on the moment when he could change that drink for more natural brandy and water—when another vehement assault upon the floor overhead roused him.

"She'll make herself worse than ever," Batty said to himself; and going to the stairs he shouted in his great voice, "Steady there, steady, 'Manda. She's a coming; she's a coming." Then he went out into the garden to seek the other two. The grass was wet with dew, the leaves, which had begun to change colour, showed like flowers in the moonlight. He followed the soft sound of sauntering steps along two or three windings of the path. Then he came in sight of the pair he sought; Frederick was walking along indifferently enough smoking his cigar, with one hand thrust into his pocket. Innocent by his side held this arm, so cavalierly and carelessly bent, with her hand. She went along by him like his shadow: she looked up at him with a half smile upon her face, to which the moonlight lent an aspect of deeper and more impassioned self-devotion than Innocent knew. Frederick, in low tones, and with now and then a demonstrative gesture of the disengaged hand with which he sometimes took his cigar from his lips, was laying down the law about something. Probably he was inculcating that first duty of woman, to "consider me, not yourself," or some other equally plain and fundamental principle. The sight struck Batty with a certain jealousy.

"Hollo!" he said, "don't you know Mrs. Frederick is all alone, while you two are gallivanting and philandering here? Come along, Miss; you are safer with my 'Manda than with that young spark. I know him better than you do. Come along, come along, or she'll bring down the house; and not much wonder either if she saw as much as I see—but I'll tell no tales," he said, with a coarse laugh.

Innocent stood bewildered with the sudden shock—for at the moment that Batty's voice became audible, Frederick, with an instinctive moment, cast her off from his arm. To her who knew no wrong, who thought no evil, this movement was simply incomprehensible. He was angry, that could be the only reason; but why, or with whom? She stood turning her wondering looks towards Batty, towards the house, with its lighted windows, the moonbeams pouring over her, lighting up her raised face, with its

wistful gaze. Frederick, as an expression of his feeling, tossed away the end of his cigar.

"We were coming in," he said. "Innocent, perhaps you had better go first, and let me know if I'm wanted. I am tired. Tell Amanda I have got some letters to write, office work which I was obliged to bring with me. Batty, suppose you order some coffee, and let me get to work," he added, carelessly leading the way into the house. He left Innocent to follow as she might, and to deal with Batty as she might. He had put up with him long enough; he saw no reason for exerting himself further now.

"Confound his impudence!" said Batty. "Now, Miss, come along. You'd best stay with 'Manda, if you'll take my advice, while you are here."

"If you please," said Innocent with a sigh.

"Oh, if I please — you'd rather be with *him*, eh? Pleasanter, ain't it?" said Batty, with a grin of airy raillery.

"Yes," said simple Innocent. "I know Frederick, and I don't know you." A courteous instinct which she could not have explained kept her from adding that she did not like Mrs. Frederick, which was her usually unconcealed sentiment. She added quite gravely, altogether unaware that his laugh had anything to do with her, "If I am to go to Frederick's wife will you show me the way?"

Batty led the way without another word — he was curiously impressed by her gravity, by a certain solemn simplicity about the pale creature, who stood there facing him in the moonlight impervious to his gibes. He took her to his daughter's room, and looked in, giving Amanda a word of warning. "Keep your temper, 'Manda," he said; I do not know that he could have explained why.

This was what Amanda was little inclined to do. She assailed Innocent with a storm of questions; what had she been doing? where had she been?

"I have been in the garden with Frederick," said the girl, with that serious and quiet calm, which already had so much impressed Mrs. Frederick's father.

"In the garden with Frederick! and you tell me so with that bold face! What was he doing? what was he saying? oh, I know him, and his false ways," said the excited wife; "making you think all sort of things, you little fool — and then sending you to me with your innocent face. Innocent, indeed! Oh,

no; I didn't call — I don't want you. Innocent, to be sure! You are a pretty Innocent for the nunnery; just the sort of creature to go there if all tales be true — to learn to deceive — as if you wanted teaching! You never thought of me lying up here, while you went wandering about the garden with Frederick — nor he didn't, neither. Who cares for me? I was everything that was sweet before I married, but now much he cares. Oh, if I just had him here to tell him what I think of him! Call him to tell him what I think of him — both him and you!"

Innocent had never been thrown upon her own resources before. She was not prepared for the emergency, and had those who loved her best foreseen the possibility of such a trial for her she never would have been allowed to risk it; but in the meantime it did her good. A certain curious practical faculty had been developed in her by the life of rule and order at the High Lodge. She went forward to the bedside with her visionary look, but the most serious matter-of-fact meaning, ignoring the passion as completely as if it did not exist; which, indeed, to her it did not, being beyond her range of perception.

"You make yourself ill when you are angry," she said, seriously, looking down upon Amanda's worn and flushed countenance; "it makes you very ill; it would be far better not to be angry. When you scold me I am sorry; but it does not make me ill. It hurts you most. You should stop yourself when you feel it coming on; because, perhaps, when you are scolding you might die — and it would be better to live and not to scold. I have thought about it, and that is what I think."

Amanda was agast at this speech — it subdued her as if a baby had suddenly opened its mouth, and uttered words of wisdom. She gave a gasp, half of wonder, half of terror, and felt herself checked and subdued as she had never been in her life before. The effect was so strange that she did not know what to make of it. She tried to laugh, and failed; finally, she said, "What an odd girl you are!" and settled down among her pillows, calmed in spite of herself. "Read to me," she said, after a little pause, thrusting a book into Innocent's hand. The calm was as sudden as the storm. The moment that she was told to do something definite Innocent resumed her usual obedient frame of mind, after

this the longest speech she had ever made, and the most completely independent mental action she had ever been conscious of. She sat down and read, opening the book where she was told, pursuing without a question the course of a foolish story. She never thought of asking who or what were the personages she suddenly began to read about; she took the book as she had taken the fan, and used it in a similar way. And then there followed a curious little interval of calm. Amanda had prepared herself for the night while the others were at dinner; she had taken off her blue dressing-gown and her pretty ribbons; she was all white now, ready to go to sleep when the moment came. The room had been partially darkened for the same reason. Behind the curtain at the head of the bed was a lamp shaded from the eyes, but the other lights had been taken away, and the profound quiet grew slumbrous as Innocent's soft voice rose through it, reading steadily and gently with a certain sweet monotony. I cannot tell how long Innocent continued reading. The calm grew more and more profound; no one came near the room; Amanda's retirement was not invaded. Innocent herself grew drowsy as she listened to her own voice; it rose and fell with a gentle, but incessant repetition; sometimes she would almost fall asleep, stumbling over the words—and then, as Mrs. Frederick, who was drowsy too, stirred and murmured at the cessation of the voice which acted upon her like a lullaby, the girl would resume her reading, startled into wakefulness. Once or twice poor Aunty, who had been banished from the room, put in her head noiselessly at the door, and withdrew it as gently, seeing that all was still. Batty himself once did the same; but the household was too glad of the unusual stillness to do anything to disturb it. At length the soft girlish voice, after repeated breaks and faltering recommencements, dropped altogether, and Innocent fell fast asleep, with her head leaning upon the back of her chair, and the book in her clasped hands. She and the lamp by which she had been reading and the little table covered with medicine phials, were separated from the sleeper in the bed by the dropped curtain, which threw a rose-coloured reflection over Amanda in her sleep; this lasted for an hour or two, during which the patient and the young attendant who was so little used to watch, slept peacefully with but the veil of this curtain between

them. Then Amanda began to stir. Her sleep was always broken and uncertain; the poor Aunty to whom she was so cruel had accustomed her to constant and unfailing attendance—and when she woke and called and saw no one, sudden wrath flamed up in Amanda's bosom. Gradually the circumstances came back upon her mind, and plucking back the curtain she saw poor Innocent quietly sleeping, her hair falling in the old childish way about her shoulders, and her dark eyelashes resting on her cheek, which looked so pale under them. Amanda did not care for the weary grace and *abandon* of the girl's attitude, nor was she at all touched by the thought that Innocent had been occupied in her own service to her last moment of consciousness. Mrs. Frederick, on the contrary, was furious to find herself "left alone" with no obsequious nurse ready to attend her wants. She shrieked at Innocent to rouse her, and stretching out of bed shook the girl, who started violently, and sprang up trembling. Amanda's eyes were blazing, her figure trembling with sudden irritation.

"How dare you fall asleep?" she cried, "am I to be left with no one to take care of me? oh, you all want to kill me. Give me my drops, you cruel, wicked, sleepy, lazy, wicked girl. You don't know how?—oh, you know well enough how to walk about with my husband—how to make love to him. My drops! can't you understand?—there, in that bottle; you can read, I suppose, though you are a fool. Oh, to leave me to this horrid girl! Oh, to have no one to take care of me! My drops? can't you hear? I'll make it heard all over the house. My drops! Oh, you little idiot, can't you do that much? I always said you were a fool; walk about with another woman's husband—to torment a man with clinging to him—but as for being of use. My drops! Put them in the glass, idiot! Can't you see I want to go to sleep?"

Innocent trembling, chilled, ignorant, incapable, only half awake, took the bottle that was pointed out to her, and endeavoured, as she had seen people do, to drop the liquid into a glass; she failed twice over in her fright and tremour. Then she knelt down by the table to try for the third time, propping herself up against the chair. I don't know what thoughts might be passing unconscious through her mind. I don't think she was conscious of anything, except the miserable feeling of sudden waking—the cold,

the sense of being beaten down with angry words—and the frightened attempt to do what she could not do, in obedience to the fiercest order she had ever received in her life. Where she knelt, painfully endeavouring to count the drops of the opiate, she was within reach of Amanda's arm, who by this time had worked herself into a wild, shrieking passion. Once more she dashed aside the curtain, and plucked at Innocent, calling to her with words which had become unintelligible to the ears of the frightened girl. "Give it me, you fool—give it me, you fool!" she said, then snatched the glass out of Innocent's hand, and lifted it to her lips. Between the fright of the one and the passion of the other the bottle had been half emptied into the glass. Amanda held it for a moment in one hand, grasping Innocent with the other, and trying to recover breath. She was past thinking of any consequences, as Innocent was past knowing what was happening under her eyes. With a sudden long effort to regain her breath she put the glass to her panting lips, and drank it. How much she swallowed no one ever knew; the glass dropped out of her hand, spilling some dark drops upon the white coverlid, and Amanda dropped back heavily upon the pillows. Then there followed such a stillness as seemed to make the whole house, the very walls, shiver. Innocent, with the little phial clutched in one hand, with Amanda's fingers slowly relaxing from the other, stood stupefied, listening to the horrible stillness. What did it mean?

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## FLIGHT.

THE inhabitants of the villa were well used to the sudden sounds and sudden stillnesses which marked the changes of Amanda's moods, and on ordinary occasions no one thought of interfering or taking any notice. So long as Auntie was there these were recognized as her share of the advantages of this life, and the rest of the household left her in undisturbed enjoyment of her privileges. But somehow on this evening other sentiments had been called into being. Auntie herself loved, in her way, the wilful creature whom she had nursed all her life, notwithstanding the ill recompense she received, and could not take advantage of the unusual holiday she was having. Instead of going to bed she hung about the

passages, sometimes listening at Amanda's door, more vigilant, more wakeful than ever. The maids who slept above were wakeful too. They were interested in the visitor, the curious pale girl who was one of Mr. Eastwood's great relations, "a real lady," and so much unlike the usual visitors to the house. Besides, though both the patient and her poor little unaccustomed attendant had slept, it was still comparatively early, about the hour of midnight. I do not know what there was peculiar in the stillness that crept through the house. Often enough before Amanda had fainted after one of her paroxysms of passion, and everything had gone on as usual, no one except her special nurse being much the wiser. But on this night a still horror seemed to creep through the place. The women upstairs rose from their beds with a sensation of alarm, and poor Auntie stood trembling at the door, not knowing whether to venture in, at the risk of disturbing the quiet, or stay outside at the risk perhaps of neglecting the patient. The moments are long in such an emergency. It seemed to her, I think wrongly, that this stillness had lasted full half an hour, when at last, emboldened by terror, and stimulated by the appearance on the stairs of the frightened housemaid in her nightgown, whispering "Was anything the matter?" she opened softly the door of the room. All that Auntie could see was Innocent, standing, gazing at the bed on which, to all appearance, the patient lay calm, with the softened reflection of the rose-coloured curtain over her. Innocent stood like a statue, white, immovable, gazing. Auntie stole in, frightened, with noiseless steps, afraid lest some creak of the floor should betray her presence. She laid her hand softly on Innocent's shoulder.

"Is she asleep?" she asked.

Innocent awoke as from a trance.

"What is it?" she said shivering, and in low tones of terror. "Look, look! what does it mean—"

Next moment a great cry rang through the silent house—the windows were thrown open, the bells rung, the maids rushed in, half-frantic with excitement; what was it? A dreadful interval followed while they crowded about the bed, and while Auntie, moaning, weeping, calling upon Amanda, tried to raise the senseless figure, to bring back animation by all the means she had so often used before. The wild yet subdued bustle of such a terrible domestic incident, the hurried



sending for the doctor, the running hither and thither for remedies, the strange dream-like horror of that one unresponsive, unmoving figure in the midst of all this tumult of anxious but bootless effort—how can I describe it? The cold night air poured into the room, ineffectually summoned to give breath to the lips that could draw breath no longer, and waved the lights about like things distracted, and chilled the living to the bone, as they ran to and fro, seeking this and that, making one vain effort after another. Innocent stood behind, leaning against the wall, like a marble image. She had been pushed aside by the anxious women. She stood with her eyes fixed on the bed, with a vague horror on her face. It was a dream to her, which had begun in her sleep; was she sleeping still? or was this a horrible reality? or what had she to do with it? she, a little while ago the chief actor, now the spectator, helpless, knowing nothing, yet with a chill dread gnawing at her, like the fox in the fable, gnawing her heart. Innocent's head seemed to turn round and round, as the strange group which had swept in made all those wild circles round the bed, doing one strange thing after another, incoherent to her—moving and rustling, and talking low under the disturbed waving of the lights, and in the shadow of the curtains. When, after a long terrible interval, these figures dispersed, and one alone remained, throwing itself upon the bed in wild weeping, the girl roused herself.

"What is it?" she asked, drawing a step nearer. "What is it?" It seemed to Innocent that something held her, that she could not look at the figure in the bed.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! I have nursed her from a baby—she never was but good to me. Oh, my child, my 'Manda! Will you never speak to me again! Oh, 'Manda, my darling! Oh, my lovely angel!" Thus poor Auntie moaned and wept.

"What is it?" cried Innocent, with a voice which took authority from absolute despair.

"Oh, can't you see for yourself? It's you as has done it, driving that angel wild. She's dead! Oh, merciful Heaven, she's dead——"

Then a sudden flood of light seemed to pour through Innocent's darkened mind. The horror which she had felt vaguely took shape and form. Heaven help the child! She had done it! She gave a

low wild cry, and looked round her with a despairing appeal to heaven and earth. Was there no one to protect her—no one to help her? One moment she paused, miserable, bewildered, then turned and fled out of the awful room, where so much had befallen her. What could she do? where could she go? She fled as an animal flies to its cover—to its home, unreasoning, unthinking. Frederick would have represented that home to her in any other circumstances; but she had killed Frederick's wife. This horror seemed to take form, and pursue her. The maids were all gone: one to call the unhappy father, one to the husband, another to watch for the doctor; this last had left the door open, through which another blast of night air swept through the house. Down the narrow staircase poor Innocent fled noiseless, like a thief. Upon a table in the passage lay her hat as she had thrown it off when she came in that afternoon with Frederick, and the warm wrap in which Miss Vane had enveloped her when they started, so peacefully, so happily, for their drive. Was it only that morning? The High Lodge and its orderly life and its calm inhabitants seemed to Innocent like things she had known ages ago; older even than Pisa and Niccolò—almost beyond the range of memory. She stole out at the open door, drawing Miss Vane's great shawl round her, and for a moment feeling comforted in the chill of her misery by its warmth. For one second she stood on the step, with the moonlight on her face, wondering where she was to go. The maid who was watching for the doctor saw her, and cried out with terror, thinking her a ghost. Then a sudden cloud came over the moon, and in that shelter, like a guilty thing, Innocent stole away. She did not know where to go. She wandered on through the dark and still village streets to the great Minster with some vain childish imagination of taking refuge there. But here chance befriended the unhappy girl, or some kind angel guided her. The railway was close by, with some lights yet unextinguished. Vaguely, feeling that by that was the only way home, she stole into the station, with some notion of hiding herself till she could get away. The express train to town, which stopped at Sterborne, though Innocent knew nothing of it, was late that night. It had just arrived when she got in. The little station was badly lighted, the officials sleepy and careless. By instinct Innocent crept

into an empty carriage, not knowing even that it was going on, and in five minutes more was carried, unconscious, wrapt in a tragic stupor of woe and terror, away from the scene of this terrible crisis of her life.

Gradually, slowly, the sense of motion roused her, brought her to herself. In her hand, firmly clasped, was the little vial which had been so deadly. She unclosed her fingers with an effort, and looked at it with miserable curiosity. *That* had done it—a thing so small that it was hidden altogether in her small and delicate hand. What had Innocent done? How could she have helped herself? What could she have done different? For the first time in all her life she turned her hot confused eyes upon herself. She tried to go back over the events of the night;—not as in a mental survey with all their varieties of feeling disclosed, but like an external picture did they rise before her. First that moment when She (Innocent could think of her now by no name) was not angry or scolding, when Frederick sat and talked, and she herself stood and fanned *Her*, the central figure to which henceforward all her terrified thoughts must cling. Then came the moonlight in the garden, the smell of the dewy earth, and her hand on Frederick's arm; then the reading, which seemed like some strange incantation, some spell of slumbrous power; then the horrible sudden waking, the clutch of that hot hand, the incoherent half-conscious effort she made to do what was told her, the black drops of liquid falling, the interrupted counting which she seemed to try to take up again and complete—"ten, eleven, fifteen;" and then the terror of the renewed clutch and grasp, the sudden stillness, the black drops standing out on the white coverlid, the great open eyes dilated, fixed upon her, holding her fast so that she could not stir. God help the child! She cried aloud, but the noise drowned her cry; she struggled under the intolerable sense of anguish, the burden of the pang which she could not get free from, could not shake off. So many pangs come in youth which are imaginary, which can be thrown off, as the first impression fades; but when for the first time there comes something which fixes like the vulture, which will not be got rid of!—Innocent writhed under it, holding up her feeble hands in an appeal beyond words—an appeal which was hopeless and which was vain.

It was still only the middle of the night when she arrived in London, and by some fortunate chance or other crept out again without being perceived. Poor child! far from her distraught soul was any intention of deceiving; she thought nothing at all about it, and in her innocence, without consciousness of harm, escaped all penalties and questioning. She did not know her way about London, but by mere chance took the right direction, and by dint of wandering on and on, came at last by a hundred detours, as the morning began to break into a region with which she was familiar. The movement did her good. She felt her misery less when she was walking on and on through interminable streets, wrapping her shawl about her, feeling her limbs ready to sink under her, and her power of feeling dulled by fatigue. Probably this exercise saved her from going mad altogether. Life and more than life hung on the balance. She was not clever; she had no grasp of mind, no power of reason, nothing which could be called intellectual development at all, and yet the difference between sanity and insanity was as much to her as to others. She kept her reason through the subduing force of this exercise, the blessed movement and the weariness of body which counteracted the unaccustomed struggles of her mind.

It was grey dawn, that chill twilight of the morning which is so much colder and less genial than the twilight of night, when Innocent came at last in sight of her home. Her strength and courage were almost at an end, but her feeble heart leapt up within her at sight of the familiar place in which she knew shelter and comfort were to be found. She had never said anything which showed her appreciation of her aunt's tenderness, and had offered but little response to all the affection that had been lavished on her; but yet a slow-growing trust had arisen in her mind. She had no doubt how she was to be received; she knew that kind arms would take her in, kind eyes pity her, kind voices soothe her trouble—and never in all her life had Innocent stood in such need of succour. The house was like some one asleep, with its eyes closed, so to speak, the shutters shut, the curtains drawn, and no one stirring. Innocent sat down upon the step to wait. She did not ring or knock for admittance. She sat down and leant upon the pillar of the porch with a patience which had some hope in it. She could wait now, for her

difficulties were over, and her goal within reach. She had fallen half asleep when the housemaid undid the door, and with a scream perceived the unexpected watcher.

"Miss Innocent!" cried the woman, half in terror, half in disapproval; for indeed Innocent's odd ways were the wonder of the house, and the servants professed openly that they would not be surprised whatever she might choose to do. Innocent opened her eyes and roused herself with an effort.

"Yes, it is me," she said softly. "I had to come home — by the night train."

"Oh, how could any one let you wander about like this!" cried the maid, "and where is your luggage? Come to the kitchen, Miss, there's no other fire lighted. You are as cold as ice, and all of a tremble. Come in, come in for goodness sake, and I'll make you a cup of tea."

Innocent smiled her habitual smile of vague and dreamy sweetness in acknowledgment of this kindness — but she shook her head and went straight upstairs to the door of Mrs. Eastwood's room. Her first arrival there came up before her as she paused at the door — her dissatisfaction, her indifference — oh, if she had stayed in the little room, within Nelly's, within the mother's, could this thing have happened to her, could any such harm have reached her? This question floated wistfully before her mind, increasing the strange confusion of feelings of which was vaguely conscious; but she did not pause for more than an instant. Mrs. Eastwood was still asleep, or so at least Innocent thought; but the very aspect of the familiar room was consolatory. It seemed to protect her, to make her safe. She stole softly to the alcove where the grey morning light struggled in through the closed curtains. As Innocent approached Mrs. Eastwood opened her eyes with the instinctive promptitude of a mother, used to be appealed to at all times and seasons. She started at the sight of the strange figure in hat and shawl, and sat up in her bed, with all her faculties suddenly collecting to her, to prepare her for the something, she knew not what, which she instinctively felt to have befallen.

"Innocent! Good heavens, how have you come? What is the matter?" she cried. Innocent fell down on her knees by the bed; the fatigue, the cold, the personal suffering of which up to this moment she had been scarcely conscious, seemed suddenly to overflow, and become too much for her to bear. She

clasped Mrs. Eastwood's arm between her own, and looked up to her with a ghastly face and piteous looks of appeal; her lips moved but no words came. Now she had got to the end of her journey, the end of her troubles; but now all capacity seemed to fail her. She could not do more.

"My child — my poor child!" said Mrs. Eastwood. "Oh, Innocent, why did I let you go from me? Speak, dear, tell me what it is? Innocent, speak!"

"Do not be angry," said poor Innocent, raising her piteous face, with a child's utter abandonment and dependence upon the one standard of good and evil which alone it understands. And yet the face was more woeful, more distraught, than child's face could be. Mrs. Eastwood, anxious, yet reassured, concluded that the poor girl, weary and frightened of strangers, had run away from the High Lodge to come home, an offence which might well seem terrible to Innocent. What could it be else? She bent over her and kissed her, and tried to draw her into her arms.

"My poor child, how you are trembling. I am not angry, Innocent; why are you so frightened? Sit down and rest, and let me get up, and then you can tell me. Come, dear, come; it cannot be anything so very bad," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a smile, endeavouring to disengage her arm from Innocent's hold.

But the girl's fixed gaze, and her desperate clasp did not relax. Her white face was set and rigid. "Do not be angry!" she said again, with a voice of woe strangely at variance with the simple entreaty; and while Mrs. Eastwood waited expecting to hear some simple confession, such as that Innocent had been frightened by the strange faces, or weary of the monotonous life, and had run away — there suddenly fell upon her horrified ears words which stunned her, and seemed to make life itself stand still. They came slow, with little pauses between, accompanied by a piteous gaze which watched every movement of the listener's face, and with a convulsive pressure of the arm which Innocent held to her bosom.

"I have killed Frederick's wife," she said.

"What does she say? She must be mad!" cried Mrs. Eastwood. The housemaid had followed Innocent into the room with officious anxiety, carrying the cup of tea, which was a means of satisfying her curiosity as to this strange

and sudden arrival. Just as these terrible words were said she appeared at the foot of the bed, holding her tray in her hand.

"No," said Innocent, seeing nothing but her aunt's face, "no, I am not mad. It was last night. I came home somehow, I scarcely know how—it was last night."

"And, Innocent, Innocent—you —?"

"Oh, do not be angry!" cried Innocent, hiding her piteous face upon her aunt's breast. The woe, the horror, the distracting sense of sudden misery seemed to pass from the one to the other in that rapid moment. But the mother thus suddenly roused had to think of everything. "Put down the tray," she said, quickly, to the staring intruder at the foot of the bed, "call Alice to me, get Miss Innocent's room ready, and send some one for the doctor. She is ill—quick, go and call Alice, there is not a moment to lose. Innocent," she whispered in her ear as the woman went away, "Innocent, for God's sake look at me! Do you know what you are saying? Innocent! Frederick's wife?"

Innocent raised herself up with a long-drawn sigh. Her face relaxed; she had put off her burden. "It was last night," she repeated, "we were alone; I did not want to go, but they made me. She was angry—very angry—and then—oh! She opened her eyes and looked at me, and was still—still—till they came I did not know what it was."

"And it was —? For God's sake, Innocent, try to understand what you are saying. Did she die—when you were with her? You are not dreaming? But, Innocent, you had nothing to do with it, my poor, poor child?"

Once more Innocent unfolded the fingers which she had clenched fast upon something. She held out a small phial, with some drops of dark liquid still in it. "It was this," she said, looking at it with a strange vacant gaze.

And then a horrible conviction came to poor Mrs. Eastwood's mind. Out of the depths of her heart there came a low but terrible cry. Many things she had been called upon to bear in her cheerful life, as all stout hearts are—now was it to be swallowed up in tragic disgrace and horror at the end?

The cry brought Nelly, wondering and horror-stricken, from her innocent sleep, and old Alice, forecasting new trouble to the family, but nothing so horrible, nothing so miserable as this.

From The Economist.

#### THE OPPOSITION IN FRANCE.

It is very curious to read, so soon after M. Thiers' successful and powerful administration, that the Left think of giving him a banquet to celebrate the evacuation of the territory by the Germans, but that it is not likely that M. Thiers will venture to accept the invitation, and that, if he does, it is very likely that the government will refuse its permission. The simple truth seems to be that M. Thiers was no sooner out of office than he became, instead of the respected and powerful chief of a great Opposition, simply an individual—not particularly powerful, not remembered with any special gratitude in the country at large, not particularly feared by the new Government, not particularly consulted by his own party. Nothing is stranger to the eyes of Englishmen than the non-existence of Opposition as an organic power in France. The weakness of Government there is due apparently to the excess of strength which it has by virtue merely of its office, and the very great deficiency of strength which it can boast by virtue of its policy. Let us consider a little more carefully this curious case of M. Thiers. Here was a chief of the State who had accepted an almost unanimous tender of power in the evil days of 1871, who had attacked and reduced the Commune, who had reorganized the army, revived the credit of France, and concluded a treaty with the foreigner by which the soil was to be evacuated long before the time mentioned in the treaty; who had moreover retained for more than two years his influence in the Assembly, and whose party seemed to be rapidly gaining in the country with every fresh election; whose defeat, too, was due to no great blunder in policy, but solely to his wish to make his Cabinet approximate more nearly to the views expressed by the constituencies in the various elections;—and yet when the accidental majority of an Assembly admitted not to speak the present wishes of the people succeeds in defeating him and accepting his resignation, M. Thiers seems to vanish from public sight; his political influence melts like a snowflake, the new Government succeeds to all his power, and he himself—who knows, as no other Frenchman knows, the temper of his countrymen—evidently thinks complete retirement from the scene of strife, the dignity of almost ostentatious solitude, the best preparation for a return to power, if return to power be possible. And yet

his adversaries have already made almost every mistake that they could make in the short period of their reign. They have attempted to corrupt the press, and have been found out. They have put a public insult on the sceptics, and have lost influence by it. They have invalidated the election of an opponent, simply for speaking amiss of the Assembly—as if opponents of the Assembly's policy were likely to speak well of it, if they speak honestly at all. They have, in fact, not only grasped power, but evinced every intention of using it to the utmost, and have shown themselves vulnerable in plenty of places to an eye as skilful as M. Thiers'. And yet M. Thiers has evidently his true cue to ignore these blunders and to keep in strict retirement. Instead of doing what an English leader of Opposition would have done—making an effective speech on each of his adversaries' blunders, and contrasting their excited and feeble policy with the comparatively steady impartiality of his own Government—M. Thiers has deemed it the wisest course for him to pursue, to let the Government take its own line uncriticised by him, and to reserve himself till some great occasion, when he can come forward without any imputation that he has been eager to avail himself of his opponents' most serious blunders. It would seem that in France office is everything to a minister, and even the highest personal capacity and character exceedingly little in the comparison. While M. Thiers was President he was almost all powerful. When he ceased to be President—and he ceased to be President not because he had made any false step, but because he had made the majority of the existing Assembly perceive that he looked beyond the Assembly to the popular mind in France, and because the popular mind in France did not care sufficiently to gain its own avowed ends, to come forward and support the statesman who was interpreting its wish against the statesman who openly advocated a policy of combat against that wish—his power ceased. He was no longer what we should call the head of her Majesty's Opposition. On the contrary, he became a mere possible rival of his successor; and rivals of men in power are not, as they are in England, expected to render great public services by closely criticising the policy of Government; on the contrary, they are liable to have all sorts of personal motives attributed to them if they interfere to accelerate the defeat of their opponents.

It is very probable that the country will, in spite of the "Government of Combat," show itself as Radical after Marshal MacMahon's election as it did before. But in the meantime France honours not the man with whom she agrees, but the man who is clothed with the insignia of office. Instead of distinguishing for itself, and loyally supporting, the Minister whom it can permanently trust, the country appears to trust for the moment the man who calls himself Minister; and this, even though when asked to vote for the political ideas it prefers, it does not hesitate to elect men who will be thorns in his flesh. The official is obeyed too much in France; the statesman is trusted too little. A statesman who is in office is powerful not because he is popular—no man appears to be really popular—but because he has the ægis of administrative authority thrown over him. A statesman who is out of office is not powerful at all, whatever his success, and however completely his ideas may correspond with those of the majority of the constituencies. The French State is still regarded by the French people somewhat in the same light as that in which they regard the Church. It is not the priest's *power* but his *office* which is either held sacred or detested. The best of all priests is hardly held in substantially deeper respect than the worst, because it is not his character but his office and what goes with it that impresses the imagination. It is not the individual priest but his *ex cathedra* functions which are regarded. And again, the anti-sacerdotalists detest the best priest almost as much as the worst, because it is not his individual character but what he claims to do by virtue of his office, that excites their horror. And so it is too in relation to civil functions. The Minister is regarded not for his personal achievements and the confidence placed in his individual judgment, but, *ex cathedra*, because the administrative functions inspire a respect of their own. M. Casimir Périer at the Ministry of the Interior, or M. Beulé at the Ministry of the Interior, is all the same, because it is not M. Casimir Périer or M. Beulé, but the Minister of the Interior, as such, who commands obedience. And, therefore, a great statesman stripped of office is for the time stripped of influence. He is no longer looked to for his moral authority, and expected to exercise without office a check of the most formidable kind on the new holder of office. He has suddenly dwindled into a mere voice, a mere interpreter



of the ideas which he may attempt to put forward. He is divested of the influence which belonged not to him but to his former duties. The imagination of the people cannot apparently bridge the chasm between M. Thiers, the President, and M. Thiers the mere member of the Left Centre. He carries little or nothing with him to his new position but his power of speech. You might almost say of a French statesman that naked he entered office and naked again he left it — the prestige he acquires in it attaching not to him but to the functions he discharges.

It is easy to see how this feeling, while it appears to strengthen the office of a Minister in France really weakens the Government. It renders it virtually impossible that there should be any intermediate degrees between the Minister and the irresponsible politician. In England there are many such intermediate degrees. The opinions of the administrative class, even when out of office, have a weight of an order altogether different from that of the opinions of politicians who are not credited with any official prestige. Mr. Disraeli, who speaks with the authority of a man who might any day be charged with the duty of governing, and who therefore is not supposed to say in Opposition what he will not adhere to on entering office, wields a public influence of a kind really intermediate between that of a Minister, and that of such a member of Parliament as Mr. Bentinck. This gradual shading off of the Minister's authority into the mere private member's, through the various stages of ex-Ministerial ability and competence, really lends a vast additional strength to Government. In the first place, what the Ministry and the leading Opposition bench agree about doing is certain to be done under any Government, and this gives Ministerial action confidence and strength. In the next place, the existence of a powerful and recognized Opposition puts a great restraint on foolish Ministerial actions, and makes the transition between one Government and another much milder than it is in France, where a sort of revolution is needed to throw off the dead-weight of an unpopular Government. Now, as only a far less political exertion is needful in England in order to change the Government than that which is needful in France, so the expectation of the change is far less alarming, and the change itself when it is made is far less

violent. Hence there is no panic, and as there is no panic, the action of the Government is steadier and calmer, and even in moments of danger there is none of that tremulous vibration which in France seems to unsettle everything when a Government falls. Official weakness is oftener due to excessive fear of consequences than to want of sagacity. When the stake is too great, the player will vacillate; and that is just the case in France. Changes of Government are too revolutionary. They involve too much excitement, and being too big, the nerve of the Government seems to go at the mere prospect of them. Thus, the weakness of the Opposition really involves first the arbitrariness and next the weakness of the Administration. If M. Thiers were now far more important than he is, and Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie were far less important than they are, there would not be the same hectic excitement about official proceedings, which is another way of saying that there would be more calmness, prudence, and sense. The one great condition of force in a parliamentary Government is the real existence and influence of "Her Majesty's Opposition." If France could ever organize a real parliamentary Opposition as powerful and semi-official as ours, we should no longer fear periodic spasms of revolutionary ardour.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE CAUSES OF REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

The author of a striking paper in the new *Quarterly* on the lessons of the French Revolution, a paper deformed only by its excessive and therefore unscientific dislike of modern Democracy as typified in the Commune, tries to trace to a single source all the modern disasters of France, and finds it in the passion for Equality. We very much doubt if it is to be found there, although it has become almost a habit to make some such text the ground-work of a political sermon. Equality before the law the French do like, as do the English — who have with a single exception secured it too — and something also of equality in external address, but we doubt their caring so very much for equality by itself. Frenchmen have always conceded to officials not elected a prerogative which to Englishmen seems oppressive. They have

always conceded direct privileges to soldiers. They have always conceded ascendancy to the Church of the majority. They have always maintained, with extraordinary fierceness and malignity, the rights of property, where not feudal, and have always shown a disposition to bow down before wealth not yet manifested to the same extent in Great Britain. A rich man is a potent man in France, while here, at best, he is a conspicuous one. Titles, as the *Quarterly Review* admits, have proved indestructible, and no income-tax has had a chance of legislative support. It is true, a party in France, energetic, domineering, and inclined to fight, has always pleaded the cause of equality; but physical force, whether expressed through the vote or the bayonet, has always been on the side which promised what Frenchmen believe to be material order. Is it not rather the morbid self-esteem, or sensitiveness, or sense of honour common to the French character, and not the worst quality in it, which has produced the difficulty described by the Reviewer of combining Order with a free Monarchical or a Conservative Republican form of government? Frenchmen are, except under tremendous pressure, absolutely incapable of bearing with the cardinal condition of political progress, free discussion. The Kings who were obeyed for a thousand years never permitted it, even Louis XVI. sentencing Beaumarchais to imprisonment for an imaginary lampoon. The statesmen have always fancied, as regards the Press, that they are dishonoured by an attack, and while the Pompadour sent authors to the galleys for cutting jokes, Robespierre left in his desk a plan for guillotining all but friendly journalists in one batch. It was among the most curious proofs of the small amount of French feeling in Napoleon III. that he never, as Emperor, severely punished a journalist, the usual sentence being four month's imprisonment in St. Pélagie, to be taken when you liked as a first-class misdemeanor; that he enjoyed though he suppressed caricatures of himself, and that he constantly pardoned Rochefort, whose half-childlike, half-poisoned epigrams would have lashed Bismarck into fury, and made an English Minister long for unconstitutional privileges. He bore a free press, really free, for five months under Ollivier, and was the only Frenchman who ever did so. Thiers suppressed two papers, and winced under attack, and the

new Government goes literally wild under discussion. It cannot conceive either of liberty of the Press, or "liberty of the *Balcon*," or liberty of the Tribune, — that is to say, of either the right of free printing, or free meeting, or free debate. Members of the minority in France have never been thoroughly heard. They have always been suppressed, either by threats, or insults, or factious uproar. On Tuesday, for example, this new Government, with its strong and despotic majority, full control of the Executive, command of the Army, and state of siege in Paris, brought in a mad Bill, which commanded the Twenty-five who represent the Assembly during a recess to prosecute any newspaper criminally which reported a speech calling for the dissolution of the Assembly. It was a scandalous proposal, for it would authorize a sentence of four months' imprisonment on a journalist who reported a grave speech of the kind by Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic; or an approving sentence by the Comte de Paris, the wished-for King; or an eloquent piece of advice from M. Thiers, who may be elected by fifty departments; or a roaring diatribe by Jacques Bonhomme, delivering his mind in a dirty cabaret. It was a sheer act of despotism, and was acknowledged to be one. Well, of all men, M. Gambetta was the man to be heard about that, for he had been Dictator, he was not very favourable to the Press, and he was known to advise a policy of calm. He began his speech, saying nothing all through but what Mr. Bernal Osborne might have said of his enemies, amidst their approving laughter; but what he said seemed unendurable to the Right, who put up M. Ernoul to answer it, and failing as their friends admit they always fail in Parliament, created such a fearful hubbub that at last the sitting was closed. We do not say the Left did not join in the riot, on the contrary, they broke out of M. Gambetta's hand, and raised a clamour which would have justified M. Buffet in putting on his hat, but that is not the point. Every President of a French Assembly — Grévy included — has had to put on his hat and declare the sitting concluded. The discussion for which the Assembly is created always strikes either the minority or majority as a deliberate insult, and has always to be brought in some fashion to an end. If it is in the Press, the paper is put down; if in a meeting, the speakers are criminally prosecuted; if in the

Assembly, the session is declared closed, or members howl till they are hoarse. The very notion that discussion does no harm, but good, that if debate is free, all can hit as hard as they like, is as foreign to the Deputies' minds as the idea of obeying their own elected Speaker, whether he is right or wrong, reserving a right to remove him if he is intolerably partial. It is this inability as of public school-boys to bear public scolding which seems to us the danger of France, and not any desire for a potential equality. It is not inability to bear argument. A bureau will listen calmly to statements which cut like sword-thrusts without a yell, and the members of a Conseil de Famille will sit like judges under a storm of insult, weeping, and protestation, but the French cannot bear to sit under hard words publicly. Then they sound like insults, to be answered by the sword, and it is only by an allusion to the singular basis of common-sense in the French character that we can explain why weapons are never actually drawn in the Assembly. Why do the majority not kill the minority out, and so terminate the fracas? It would not be one whit more unfair. Scenes of this kind are fatal to France, for France has no idea of freedom except under an Assembly, and no idea how to keep that Assembly, if free, in decent order. It has never elected a ruler absolute within a limited prerogative. No Assembly there submits to rules when once insulted by free debate, till France, raging with contempt, elects a tyrant, and then breaking loose from him, begins to rage again through an Assembly in an everlasting sterile round. The Government Bill in this case is a monstrous oppression, but still it is the Bill of the majority, and the Left should accept it as such, instead of howling like demons over their defeat. They are nearly equal to their foes, their own right of speech in the interior is clear, and they can influence opinion by quiet talk almost as strongly as through the Press. Their majority is inevitable if no *coup d'état* is tried, and a *coup d'état* requires the support of an army which, be it what it may, is not devoted to the dynasties whom the majority wish to enthrone. They are mad, to abandon the policy of Order which M. Thiers impresses on them, and to wince, and rage, and foam under insults which fall on their more trusted leader, with his Genoese blood, like flakes of snow. They cannot wait, they say, or they will lose their fervour. Ask Venice

how long she waited, without loss of one jot or tittle of her passion.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE DISRUPTION OF PARTIES AND THE IRISH REPRESENTATION.

THE disorganization of the present House of Commons is now so complete that no parallel to it can be found except by going back to events only just within the memory of the elder men of this generation. The first House of Commons elected after the first Reform Bill had a very strong resemblance to the House elected in 1869, and it included the same vast majority which went to pieces in the same way. It has become evident that English parliamentary institutions, which are never so much put to the strain as after great organic changes such as occurred in 1832 and 1867, will only work with decent regularity and smoothness under two sets of conditions. The assembly which really governs the country has no counterpart in any similar body in any country as respects the multitudinousness of its composition, and it can be made to transact the business of government with exactness when one side has a very great majority over the other. In that case the House of Commons, so to speak, works itself. The House of Commons can again be worked under very different circumstances, when both sides are very nearly balanced, when the two great parties sit watching one another like hostile armies, and when all the resources of parliamentary management are systematically and patiently used to seize the smallest chance of advantage and to prevent a surprise. Neither state of things now exists. Mr. Gladstone's great majority is practically gone, not so much from the discontent of small sections such as the pure Whigs or the pure Nonconformists, as from the unconcealed disaffection of the Irish members, who are said to be so constantly on the look-out for opportunities of joining the Opposition that they positively frighten the Conservative leaders. On the other hand, the period of skilful tactical management has not yet arrived. On the Liberal side, at all events, the evidence points to the extremest slackness or unskilfulness, or rather the tactics are those of generals at the head of a beaten and dissolving army.

It is a favourite topic of consolation

with men of both political parties that the next general election will set all this right. We do not share the belief. The increasing disposition of the Irish members to organize themselves as a separate party, and to make terms with either side indifferently, seems to us one of the most serious symptoms of our times. We have the smallest possible faith in the prognostications of ardent partisans about the composition of the next Parliament, but certain broad assertions may be confidently made. The representation of Scotland will be very slightly changed, if at all. In England there will in all probability be a very considerable transfer of seats from the Liberal to the Conservative interest. The British representation will therefore be very nearly divided between the two great political parties, and it is immaterial to consider which of them is likely to have an advantage over the other; the difference must be small. The state of the Irish representation will therefore be all-important, and it is tolerably clear what its colour will be. All its members will be pledged to some form of Home Rule, and a few of them to a form of it distinguishable from Fenianism only by the faintest shades. It is even possible that one or two seats now held by Protestant Conservatives will be won by Home Rulers. Beyond the limits of the Northern Province, however, every single Irish member will have openly or impliedly acquiesced in the claims of the Catholic Episcopate to dictate Irish policy. There are some, no doubt, who see no danger in all this to Liberal ascendancy. When Home Rulers first made their appearance in the House of Commons they are known to have delighted the Liberal "whips." They might have strange opinions on some points, but they voted remarkably straight. But that is all changed; and while the whole Irish representation is drifting towards Home Rule, it is also more and more divorcing itself from English Liberalism, and showing a more and more pronounced inclination to set up in political business for itself. We expect not only that these tendencies of the Irish members will become more and more marked in the new Parliament, but that they will become their distinctive tendencies. If this expectation is fulfilled, we say again that no graver political symptom has appeared in our time.

We are very far from insensible to the many difficulties which seem to forbid

anything like a closer approximation of the Papal and Nationalist party to the Conservative. Among the least of them we place the sense of obligation to the Liberals; for, in fact, the repudiation of all gratitude to them is the first and fundamental tenet of the Home Rule faction. But, to many important sections of the Conservative party, the alliance above pointed at would be absolutely hateful. It will be long before the Church of England looks back with patience on the disestablishment of the sister Church, and the stanch band of Irish Protestant Conservatives, for which the more old-fashioned portion of the English territorial aristocracy has strong affinities, would regard measures adapted to "Irish ideas" simply as the abomination of desolation. But there are various reasons why the approximation we have spoken of should not be considered out of the bounds of possibility. In the first place, all political tendencies are becoming more and more cosmopolitan, and those of the English Conservatives like the rest of the world. Outside England, Conservatism, Catholicism, and Clericalism are interchangeable terms; and strong as are the historical influences which separate them here, they are not all-powerful; for when an English Conservative nobleman has been grappled by the long filaments of the Roman Catholic converting machinery in this country, he obviously finds no difficulty in continuing to vote with the Conservative party. Indeed, careful observers may remark that from time to time a Roman Catholic prelate takes care to make the prospects of his Church safe by laying down that its alliance with Liberalism in this country is temporary, accidental, and provisional. But a still more powerful influence which tends to modify the relation of the Papal and Nationalist members to existing parties is the strong attraction of the "Irish idea" policy for large classes of minds. The historians of Ireland tell us that this is an old story, and that if Ireland, her life and her notions, have often been abhorrent to the English nation, they have constantly been attractive in the highest degree to Englishmen as individuals. There are all sorts of elements in the thought and feeling of the present day for which such a policy has affinities. It commends itself to the sentimental respect felt by numbers of men for the new-born theories of the rights of nationalities. It falls in with the equally powerful *laissez-faire*, or devil-take-the-hindmost,

set of principles. It saves trouble, it appeals to the emotional side of character, and it has an air of novelty and originality. By one of these characteristics it has laid hold of Mr. Gladstone; by another it may lay hold of Mr. Disraeli.

From The Spectator.

#### THE CONQUEST OF KHIVA.

THE grand fact made evident by the conquest of Khiva, now officially ascertained, is the weakness, moral and physical, of the soldiery of Central Asia. With their flight before inferior foes expires a superstition which has lasted down from the siege of Vienna in 1529, the belief that at some always receding point in Central Asia there would be found an army capable of defeating Europeans. Somewhere or other there must be force in those regions, which had twice sent out their myriads to ravage Europe. When a new country was conquered, say by Clive, with 3,000 men, or a "hidden" capital entered like Peking, by a few brigades of English and Frenchmen, or a vast State like Persia compelled to submit to Outram and his few men, or Japan compelled to alter her whole policy by a few war-ships, the inferiority of the Asiatic organization was acknowledged, but the superstition only altered its locale. One-half of the English people still speak of Afghanistan as if it were some mighty State, whose friendship or enmity were of the last importance; and if Sir H. Rawlinson or Lord Lawrence were to tell them what they know, that 10,000 men would conquer Afghanistan and hold it as securely as 7,000 police hold London, they would be simply disbelieved. Think, say unreflecting folk, of the hills and the valleys, which are really easier, far easier in a military sense, than those of Ceylon. About Persia and Turkey the people are no doubt more or less disenchanted, but about Central Asia the old opinion till yesterday still held firm. The people, fanatically brave, were defended by their deserts, by their rude but strong fortifications, and by their readiness to die at their Khan's summons. We ourselves, who certainly ought to have known better, believed that the Khan would defend Khiva as the old Sikh Moolraj, would have thrown his horsemen on the artillery, as we did at Chillianwallah, and have died sword in hand upon the ruins of his fort, as Turkish Pachas have so often done.

Nothing of the kind occurred. The numbing sense that they were fighting the irresistible — the feeling which Theodore expressed when he said he could not be expected to resist weapons like the rockets, which kept searching out his palisading — seems to have struck the Khivese, and from first to last they never offered serious battle to the invaders. If the desert turned them back, well. If not, God had ordered the victory of the Infidel. If a body of Khivese cavalry approached the Russians they were driven off by a few rockets, which they probably had never previously seen, and which will sometimes drive horses mad with terror. If the Russians threatened a fortified place, the garrison, after receiving a shell or two, decamped in a body, and at last Khiva itself was surrendered unconditionally without a shot, and with an intimation that the Khanate also was at Russian service. The defence was that of men whose hearts were broken. The Turcomans are not cowards, they have fought well in intestine wars, they belong to tribes whose life is passed in the saddle and on the desert, who under competent leaders once conquered "the world," who do not differ in any outward condition from the Kashgarees, who seem to be building an empire in Yarkund, and who, if we have not forgotten Mr. T. Prinsep's paper about their fathers, he deemed formidable to the Indian Empire. They had fair arms, and strong walls, and large numbers. They are only dismayed by the contact with civilization, fly before it as we should all fly before genius; as Theodore fled before Lord Napier of Magdala, as the army surrounding Lucknow fled before Havelock and his brigade, or as hitherto the Anamese have fled before the French. So far as we can judge from the accounts as yet published, there is nothing except the danger of differences with England to prevent General Kaufman from annexing all Central Asia, and holding it as safely as the Governor-General of Tobolsk holds Siberia. Bokhara actually assisted him. The desert has been fatal to one column, but it has not stopped the march of three other columns, and with that march the deadly charm of the Steppe is disenchanted. The Europeans are rulers of the Steppe Road, they are masters of the spell which fetters the desert, the artesian well, and if Russia is resolute to maintain her possession, the route from the Caspian to Khiva can never be closed again except by war. As feudatories, or allies, or subjects, all of



which words mean, for warlike purposes, the same thing, the Czar will be obeyed by all chiefs from the Polar sea to the frontier of Afghanistan. No power can hinder him except England, and England only by direct alliance with the Shah, or direct force applied through the Shah's dominions. A few score wells sunk, and his Cossacks may ride whither they will.

It is a strange, though an explicable change which has passed over these tribes, and indeed all Asiatic sovereignties, and it is difficult to resist the temptation of speculating whether it will be permanent. Are Russia and England — allied perhaps with Holland, which has a very distinct function to perform in Asia, and has just telegraphed that she means to go on performing it — really to mould these populations for centuries to come, absorbing their wealth, abolishing their politics, and training their people? or is the spell laid on these vast multitudes one which can be removed? As yet the answer is in the negative, for no attempt could be more desperately made to shake the West off than that which is called the Mutiny, and none could have been more thoroughly suppressed. But Europe, nevertheless, has only a moral hold on Asia, which is daily losing its force. We cannot help an uneasy feeling that the moral yoke is giving way; that the East is reckoning with its difficulties, or as it says, its enemies; that it is beginning to feel that if it knew the truth strength might come to it. That clearly is the motive of the Shah's visit to Europe, and though he may go back overwhelmed with the signs of power he sees around him, that was not the effect of England on Azimollah, the Cawnpore murderer, and we are told is not the effect of recent conflicts on the rulers of China. They are arming in the Western fashion, are mounting, it is stated, steel cannon on the forts of Tientsin, are importing rifles, and are disciplining their troops to strict European obedience under regular officers. Their people in San Francisco, who have been insulted, tortured, and plundered for months, seem suddenly to have been emboldened by tidings from the East, and in an extremely clever remonstrance have warned the municipality that if the Americans will not keep the Treaty neither will the Chinese; that the Treaty will be abol-

ished, and each side allowed to do as it pleases, a remark we recommend to the consideration of American merchants in Shanghai. They may not like to be put in prison in heaps every day for doing nothing, and forcibly shaven besides. We do not wish to believe and do not believe half the stories repeated by the alarmists, but it is quite clear, from the sudden and tremendous defeat of the Chinese Mohammedans in Yunan, a defeat which seems to involve the stamping-out of their power, that some new force, it may be only a new General, but it may also be a new army, has accrued to the Chinese Government. What if that Government provided itself with new and heavy guns, light steel batteries, a good desert cavalry, and infantry without numbers, all taught, as it is quite clear Chinese can be taught, to die steadily in their ranks? Our own Coolie corps did that. Could Europe, with its vast distances to cross, again hope to enter Peking? The Anamese might readily draw similar help from within China, and as to India, nothing can prevent the entry, if not of great guns, at least of rifles and repeating carbines and revolvers. Lord Napier would have a pleasant chase after Hyder Ali and 50,000 horsemen armed and drilled to use repeating carbines. Even as it is, the people of the Khanates may be taught by some exile the secret of their proper warfare, the use of cavalry to harass and desolate, but not to fight, and may import weapons, particularly revolvers, through the Gulf. There is an ugly little sentence in the Russian official account that the Khan and his cavalry, "over-persuaded by the war-party," have rushed into the desert. One real defeat of the Europeans would enlighten all Asia, and Asia can wait long and quietly for her news. She is now nearly subjugated, and we do not doubt will remain so for a time; but there may be terrible struggles yet, struggles so fierce that the curious federation of Europe which now governs Shanghai may be called into existence to keep Asia down till her education is complete. The thorough extinction of the white man in China would call Europe to very different work than its present one of squabbling whether dead dynasties are corpses or sacred mummies.